APRIL 18, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



REPORT ON THE MASTERS

by HERBERT WARDEN WIND

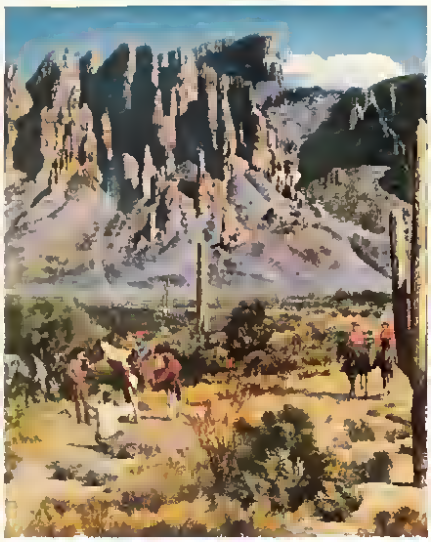
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Ann Cooley

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The pleasant face on the left is the first one you're apt to meet as you get off the elevator on the 12th floor of the Union Oil Center in Los Angeles.

That's Ann Cooley, receptionist.

She's one of nearly 5,000 employees who own shares in this firm. This entitles her—and some 62,000 other people who are Union Oil share owners—to a report on our 69th year of business.

In 1959 customers paid us $512,962,000, of which $83,780,000 were fuel taxes we collected for governmental agencies.

We spent 61.5% of our customers' dollars—or $315,444,000—with over 18,000 other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

Taxes amounted to 20.5%—or $105,070,000. Of this amount, $83,780,000 were the fuel taxes mentioned above; $21,290,000 we paid to over 1,000 local, State and Federal tax collectors.

Wages and other benefits for our employees and their families amounted to 12.6%, or $64,933,000 of our income.

This left 5.4%—or $27,515,000 as net profit. About a third of these earnings—$8,197,000—was paid in cash dividends* to over 67,000 owners.

The balance of our net earnings—3.8% or $19,318,000 of our customers' dollars—we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

All of us at Union Oil are proud that so many of our employees are, like Ann Cooley, also part owners of the company.

Where else, except in a free and competitive economy, could this happen?

*(In addition, a 4% share dividend was paid during 1959.)

* * * *

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

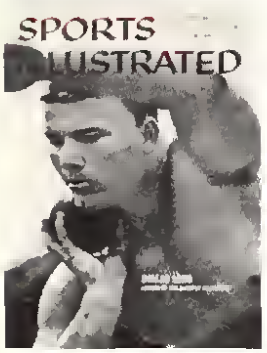
MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

Cover: Carin Cone ▶

Blonde, brainy Carin Cone has everything—except an Olympic swimming championship. Turn to page 49 for the story of her plans to win a medal this summer at Rome.

Painting by Aaron Shikler

Next week



▶ Suddenly the 16-pound shot seems light as a feather: four men have broken the former shotput world record Tex Maule tells how Dallas Long and other musclemen do it.

▶ Baseball's opening day in San Francisco will be something special this year. Bob Boyle reports on the team, the city's enthusiastic fans, and brand-new Candlestick Park.

▶ A six-page photo essay by Brian Seed captures the rare, exuberant quality of one of England's classic sporting events, the famed Waterloo Cup for coursing greyhounds.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

DR. GLENN OLDS, the president of Springfield College—where Professor Naismith invented basketball—made an address when The Sportsmanship Brotherhood gave basketball's Jack Twyman its annual award last month. I regret that I cannot repeat his message in full, but even in part it seems to me eminently repeatable:



SPRINGFIELD'S DR. OLDS

"One of the favorite post-sputnik sports of college presidents has become the debunking of sport as an enemy of education and people. No one would seriously quarrel with their criticism of the perversion of sport into professionalism, exploited for the sake of spectators, motivated to win at any cost and threatening the integrity of the player and the game. Still, there is danger of throwing out the baby with the bath through disparaging and destroying the real role of sport in the creation and recreation of men and culture.

"It is not sheer coincidence that in a world divided by cold war and iron and bamboo curtains slowly parting, sport remains one of the few bridges between men as men. In sport the accident of birth, race, creed or station is transcended by performance alone. Sport speaks a universal language of movement and morality recognized in every culture and tongue. In its arena kings may be brought low, beggars crowned, phonies found out and simple excellence celebrated for what it is.

"Sport teaches self-discovery, self-acceptance, self-control and self-giving. Taken seriously, such principles could reform our culture, our education and ourselves. They would put the players, not the coaches, in charge of the game on examination day. They would put equalization of opposition, not power to win, as the aim of a good game and real sport. They would make development of the total powers of the person, not skill in a few, the mark of sport as education at its best. They would affirm the proper mission of education as the molding of men who find themselves in action, accept themselves in performance, control themselves by rules and give themselves for the sake of others.

"When this happens, sport will not be confused or abused but will become the schoolroom of competence and character. Fail in this, and we lose not only sport—but ourselves as well."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED agrees with Dr. Olds—cordially and heartily.

Arthur Murphy

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HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Which has the better chance to succeed, the Continental Baseball League or the American Football League?*



CHARLES NURTN
New Orleans
President
Southern Association

The Continental League. Branch Rickey is one of the country's best baseball men, and it has the necessary millions. The league will be of great benefit to the minors. Since it takes approximately 21 minor leagues to supply two major leagues, the Continental League will need 10 additional minor leagues.



DEWEY SORIANO
Seattle
President
Pacific Coast League

The American Football League, because pro football is in only 12 cities. Any number of stars are available right now and they won't cost nearly as much as good baseball players. The Continental League has to compete with the established major league teams for talent while football has no competition.

continued



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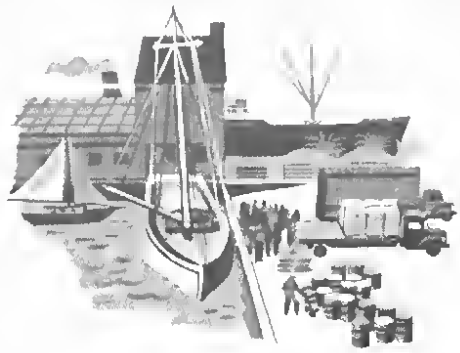
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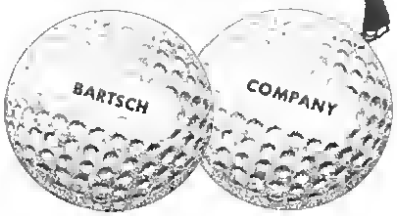
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ARLO WILSON
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New York Touchdown Club

Knowing Branch Rickey and Bill Shea as I do, I'd say baseball does. It's called our national pastime because more people are interested in baseball and more kids play it in many leagues. In the limited schedule of pro football, three or four rainy weekends can be disastrous at the gate for a new league.



EDWARD S. DOHERTY JR.
Denver
President
American Association

The American Football League because there is no problem in getting good players with college backgrounds. I can't see that the Continental League has much chance. Where are they going to get the players? It's going to take a lot of money to battle it out for free agents while trying to establish interest.



HARRY STUHLDREHER
Pittsburgh
U.S. Steel executive

There is room for both, but the Continental League has the better chance. True, I'm a football man, but I know there are more areas that are interested in getting big league baseball. Pro football will always have to contend with tremendous competition from college football and will never supplant it.



A. B. (HAPPY) CHANDLER
Versailles, Ky.
Former commissioner of baseball

Baseball will encounter great difficulties, but if Branch Rickey were 20 years younger his success would be a certainty. Football has the better chance because of its mature ex-college players and its commissioner, Joe Foss. I have great respect for Joe. He'll have no competition from Commissioner Pete Rozelle of the NFL.

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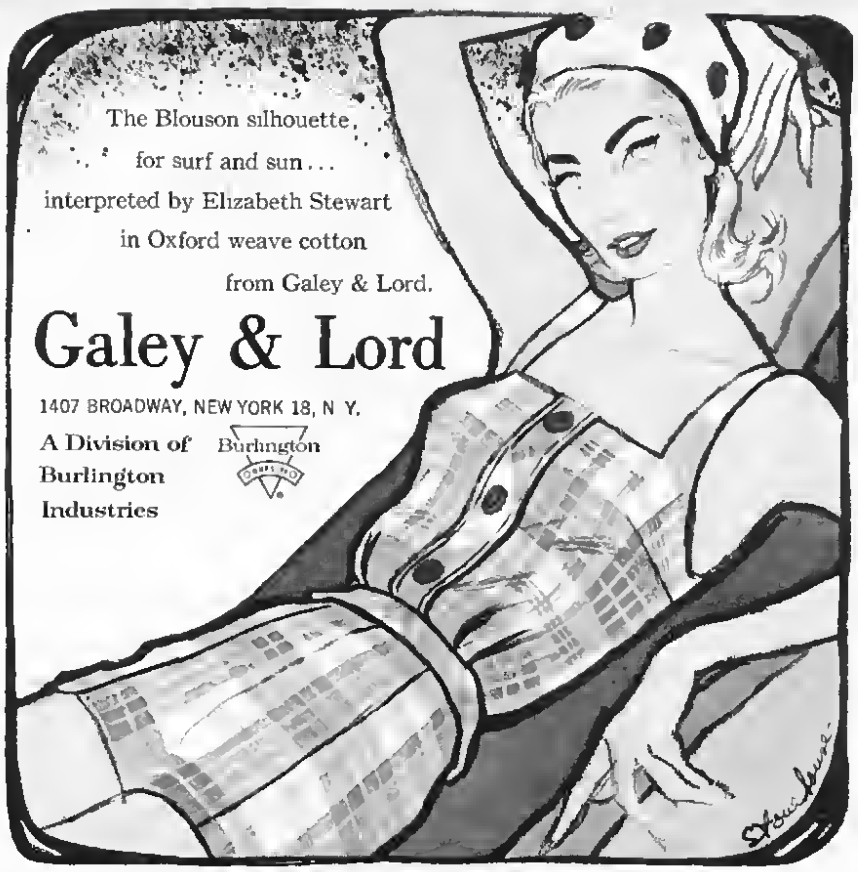
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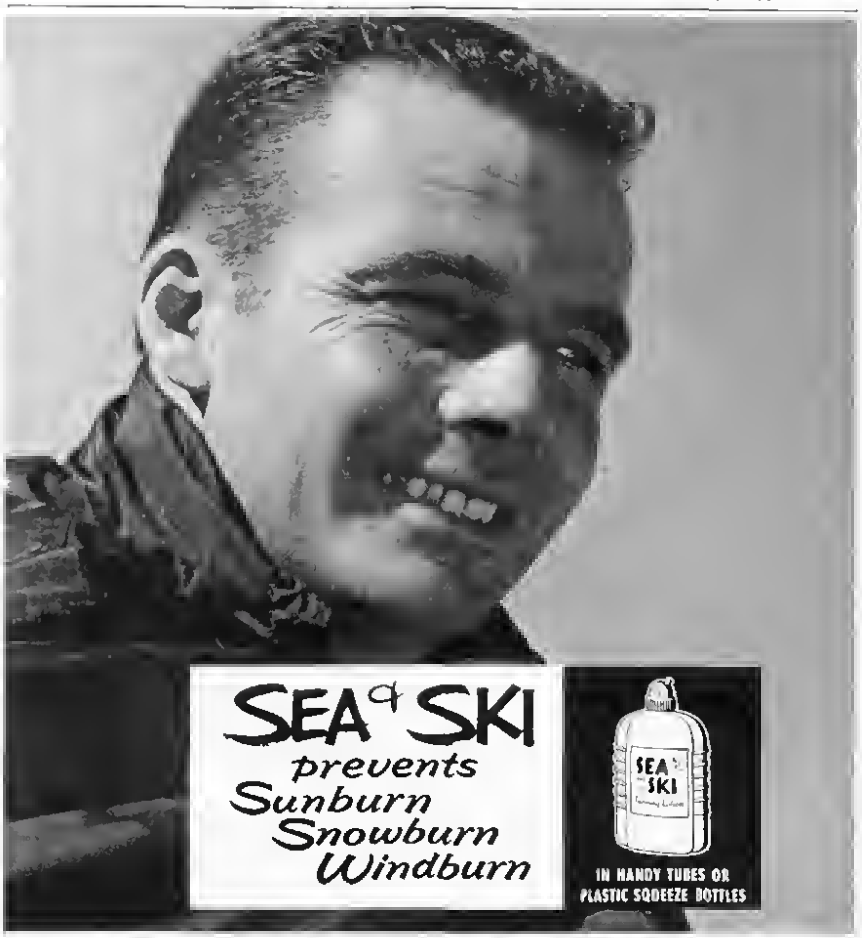
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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

Gone Fishing

At this time of year many an office worker sits and dreams of slipping off from work to his favorite fishing hole—only most of them never get to go. Last week, however, the dream came true for 50 anglers at the Bol-Lin Company (makers of stainless-steel kitchen equipment) in Dallas. Their boss, Jerry Bollin, an ardent angler himself, told them all he was taking them up to Arkansas' Bull Shoals Lake for a week's fishing, all on company time. It turned out to be the ultimate in employer-employee relationships. By the morning they started out on their 500-mile safari in five company trucks and seven private cars, toting 10 boats and 2,000 minnows and goldfish for trotlining, the industrious workers had worked extra-hard and filled enough orders to cover the week they had gone fishing.

Off-season Rationale

Another sportsman playing hooky from his job last week was Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb, the mountainous tackle of the Baltimore Colts (playing weight: 288 pounds). By the time Big Daddy completes his off-season wrestling tour next month, he stands to earn some $60,000. Meanwhile, he manages to reconcile professional wrestling's patently playful premeditated pachydermic pawing with his own fiercely competitive instincts: "People always ask me about fixes," says Big Daddy. "I tell them I just do the best I know. Not once has anyone told me how a match should come out. About the other guys, I don't know. What's more," he adds, "I don't ask."

Bush League

On the face of it, nobody could object to the fact that the Lincoln Park (N.J.) Garden Club wanted to plant a row of lilac bushes. The trouble was that the ladies planted the lilacs in the outfield of the town's baseball diamond, thereby shortening the distance between home plate and the outer reaches of left field to 180 feet. This was all right with the Little League ballplayers, but it caused great concern last week among fathers of the Little Leaguers, who had been known on occasion to play a game or two themselves.

"I nearly cracked up my car when I noticed what had happened," said Councilman Spencer Parnham, in an echo of the cries that greeted Walter O'Malley's fence in Los Angeles some years ago. "We're happy to have the ladies beautify the place, but we don't want them to change the character of the field. This shortened left field will make a home run slugger of everyone over 12 years of age."



Mrs. Feder (left), *Parnham and lilacs*

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," countered Sonia Feder, president of the Garden Club. "The planting was approved by the recreation committee, which has plenty of male members who understand baseball. It was up to them to decide whether it's a Little League or regular-size field, and they could certainly have told us if we were interfering with anyone's pleasure."

The whole debate was referred to a future meeting of all interested parties. "They're just going to have to move those lilac bushes, that's all," said Councilman Parnham. "The bushes may be moved," sniffed Mrs. Feder, "but not by us."

•

Nobody was planting lilacs in left field at San Francisco's new Candlestick Park, but Giant sentimentalists did try to have a piece of sod from the old Polo Grounds put into the West Coast playground.

A two-foot square of grass and earth was flown west from New York last week, but Matty Schwab, Candlestick's groundskeeper, refused to plant it. Might contain weeds, he explained.

THE SUMMING UP

Like a reliable fullback driving for yardage, college football in 1959 chalked up another first down by registering an attendance gain for the sixth straight year. Some 623 teams, the NCAA reports, averaged alltime highs of 7,278 rooters per game and 31,479 per home schedule, totaled 19,615,344 in 2,695 games. True, the percentage of increase was only 1.7, compared to 5.4 in 1958, but the weather last fall left much to be desired. Games were played under unfavorable conditions 37.6% of the time, compared to 25.7 in 1958. Sectionally, biggest total attendance increases were recorded in the South—211,000—and the Pacific Coast—146,000; biggest losses in the Midwest, where attendance dropped almost 200,000. Individually, biggest per-game increases were made by Northwestern (up 12,692) and Indiana (up 9,244); biggest per-game losses by Tulane (down 19,724) and Rice (down 19,419). Syracuse, No. 1 in the nation in just about everything else, was 33rd in home attendance.

Victory by a Hair

That oddball who dives under the water on your video screen to shave may not be such an oddball after all. At least there is a faint

association between him and the college swimmers who were breaking all the records at New Haven a couple of weeks ago (SI, April 11).

John McGill shaved his chest, arms and legs, and won the 220-yard medley in 2:03.3, nearly eight seconds better than he had ever done before. Jeff Farrell, a double winner, also competed while smooth as a baby's cheek.

"The only possible answer for McGill's performance lies in the fact that he shaved the hair off his body," says Phil Moriarty, Yale's swimming coach.

"Whether shaving means extra speed or not," said Bob Kiphuth, the former Yale coach and recognized dean of the field, "it gives the boys a feeling of cleanness. They feel awfully different and light in the water."

The Spell that Relaxes

Out in Oakland, California a boxer named Johnny Gonsalves was trying out another gimmick to quicken his pace. More tabby than tiger, the 29-year-old veteran of 74 fights never seemed to get untracked until the final rounds. The paying customers figured he was lazy.

Harvey Livingston, Johnny's manager, didn't believe it, though. "Maybe the boy needs help," he thought, and forthwith packed his lightweight off to a doctor for hypnotic treatments.

Last week, after seeing the doctor three times, Gonsalves climbed into the ring again for a match against Bobby Scanlon. After 10 rounds of waltz-me-around-again-Willie, a typically languorous Gonsalves won a split decision, and the 2,850 bored, booing fans bombarded the ring with debris.

But how about the hypnosis? Johnny was asked in his dressing room. Had medical science flopped? "No," said Johnny calmly. "It worked fine. From the first round tonight I felt relaxed. The main thing the doctor is trying to teach me is to relax. In his office he tells me to close my eyes and think of something peaceful. I pretend I'm sitting under a tree and the sun is shining. I think of a brook and picnics when I was a little kid. It relaxes me. I used to be too tense."

By this time everybody in the dressing room was relaxed, thinking of their picnics when *they* were kids.

Manager Livingston broke the spell, observing that he wasn't discouraged by developments. "You can't do it all at once," he said. "Johnny sees the doctor again Tuesday."

. . . And Still Champ

Ex-heavyweight champ Floyd Patterson may be down but he's far from out, according to a New York newspaperman who dropped in to see him in the abandoned Connecticut roadhouse where he is training to win back that lost championship.

Adversity has brought quick maturity to Patterson [wrote Arthur Daley in his *New York Times* column]. He's grown into a solid 190-pounder and he's finally started to think for himself now that he no longer has his managerial Machiavelli, the disbarred Cus D'Amato, brainwashing him. . . .

"I took a worse mental beating than a physical one from Johansson," Patterson said sadly. "I didn't believe I'd ever come out of it. I just sat home behind locked doors and drawn shades, thinking, thinking, thinking . . .

"Then one night my wife went upstairs and left me watching television. Finally I turned off the set and just sat there alone. Then a sudden thought popped into my mind. I don't know where it came from or why or how. But I thought of the time I visited the wards in a cancer hospital. There was a little girl there, maybe 4 or 5 years old. Her arms and legs were no thicker than my finger. She was wasted away.



Floyd steps out

" 'Who am I to feel sorry for myself?' I said out loud.

"The next day I walked out of my front door, ready to face people for the first time in a month and a half. I was cured." Emotion flitted across the usually impassive features of the former champion.

"If I win the title back," he said, generously conceding that this was no sure thing, "I intend to display some of the things that Johansson does. He's done more with it in a few months than I did in all the time I had it. He made it a much bigger thing than I ever thought it was. I didn't carry the championship well. He has capitalized on it. . . . I know now I could do more with it than I did."

FACES IN THE CROWD



DON STYRON, 20-year-old junior at Northeast Louisiana State College, climaxed six track-meet victories by bettering a world record when he ran 220-yard low hurdles in 21.9 at Baton Rouge meet against LSU.



DR. ALVIN NITCHMAN of Cranbury, N.J., amateur dog trainer and handler, showed up the professionals at Indiantown Gap, Pa. Pointer and Setter Club trials when his pet, Magnum, took $1,500 All-Age Stakes.



PAPSIE GEORGIAN, 14, strawberry blonde swimmer for Athens Water Folhes of Oakland, Calif., won solo title at AAU Senior Synchronized Swimming meet in West Palm Beach, Fla., with Spanish water ballet.



GENE GLAZER, 20-year-old New York University junior, took individual foil title in NCAA fencing championships held at University of Illinois, led NYU to 65–57 team victory over defending champion Navy.



ALAN COREY JR., New York nine-goal polo player, teamed with Francis Lawrence of New York, to win Devereux Milburn handicap invitational golf tournament at Aiken, S.C., with 36-hole best-ball score of 132.



IRWIN HOLMES of Durham, N.C., senior at North Carolina State College, became first Negro ever elected captain of varsity sport in Atlantic Coast Conference when teammates voted him co-captain of their tennis team.





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COMING EVENTS

April 15 to April 21

All times are E.S.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, April 15

AUTO RACING
SCCA Natl. Races, Upper Marlboro, Md. (through April 17).

BOXING
◉ ■ Miteff vs. Warner, heavies, 10 rds., Atlantic City, N.J., 10 p.m. (NBC).

JUDO
U.S. Championships, Tampa, Fla. (also April 16)

TRACK & FIELD
U.S. Junior Women's Indoor Champs., Chicago

Saturday, April 16

BASEBALL
◉ Chicago at San Francisco (ABC)*
◉ Cincinnati at Pittsburgh (NBC)*
◉ Milwaukee at Philadelphia (CBS)*

BOXING
Perez vs. Kingpetch, flyweight title bout, 15 rds., Bangkok, Thailand.

HARNESS RACING
Free-for-all Pace, $25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

HOCKEY
Stanley Cup final playoffs, Toronto at Montreal (if necessary).

HORSE RACING
Excelsior Handicap, $25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York.
Chesapeake Stakes, $25,000 added, Laurel, Md.
Southern Cross Handicap, $25,000 added, Gulfstream Park, Fla.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS
My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md.
Middleburg Hunt Race Assn., Middleburg, Va.

RODEO
Red Bluff Roundup, $6,200, Red Bluff, Calif. (also April 17).

SWIMMING
U.S. Junior Synchronized Swim Solo Champs., Long Beach, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD
Santa Barbara Easter Relays, Santa Barbara, Calif.
U.S. Women's Indoor Champs., Chicago.

Sunday, April 17

BASEBALL
◉ Cincinnati at Pittsburgh (NBC)*
◉ Milwaukee at Philadelphia (CBS)*

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf series, January vs. Goalby, 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

Monday, April 18

BASEBALL
American League season opens: Boston at Washington.

HARNESS RACING
April Series, $45,000, Westbury, N.Y. (through April 23)

TENNIS
River Oaks Invitation, Houston (through April 24).

Tuesday, April 19

COURT TENNIS
Open Doubles Champs., New York (through April 22).

HOCKEY
Stanley Cup final playoffs, Montreal at Toronto (if necessary)

TRACK & FIELD
Boston Marathon, Boston.

Wednesday, April 20

BOXING
◉ Fullmer vs. Giardello, middle title bout, 15 rds., Bozeman, Mont., 10 p.m. (ABC).

HORSE RACING
Distaff Handicap, $25,000 added, Aqueduct, New York

Thursday, April 21

GOLF
LPGA Dallas Civitan Open, $10,000, Dallas (through April 24)
New Orleans Open, $25,000, New Orleans (through April 24).

HOCKEY
Stanley Cup final playoffs, Toronto at Montreal (if necessary)

WATER POLO
U.S. Indoor Champs., New York (through April 23)

*See local listing.



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EDITORIAL

A MATTER OF OPINION

AN APOSTROPHIST named Pudd'nhead Wilson once observed that it was "not best that we should all think alike. It is difference of opinion," Pudd'nhead added, "that makes horse races."

Pudd'nhead's creator, Mark Twain —a man of letters who attacked even so sedentary an art as literary criticism with the competitive zest most men reserve for a fast game of tennis —would have been the first to admit that the same truth holds for all other sports as well, for opinion is the elixir on which sport battens and breathes. The judgment of an expert duck hunter coolly leading his bird across the sky, the harsh prejudice of a Dodger fan assessing the ability, acuity and ancestry of an umpire, the shrewd appraisal of a football coach assembling his squad, these are the realities of sport.

In today's workaday world where, as T. S. Eliot mourned, so much of wisdom is lost in the greedy acquisition of knowledge and so much of knowledge in the amassing of mere information, opinion is being forced more and more to give way to measurement. Tomorrow's leaders will no longer need to fight their way to the top; they will need only to fill the right slots in an IBM sorting machine, which can catalog in an instant their every vice and virtue, their every strength and weakness.

So far, as many a horse player has found to his dismay, the machines of prediction have signally failed to make inroads in the world of sport. When—and if—they succeed, the world of sport will be dead. For the present, however, and for all the foreseeable future, the measurement factor in sport will continue to come as little more than an anticlimax—an item for the record book. The great paradox of sport is that the answer —who won—is always secondary in importance to the question. The game is what matters, not the score. And in the endless divergence of opinion that makes the game, sport has its being, its beginning and its end.

All of which is merely to reassure those readers who may have noticed it that the new and formal heading on this page represents no change in policy but only a change in pattern. Editorial opinion, briskly put and vigorously defended, has never been and never will be a stranger to this magazine. It is our intention as sports fans to see that it continues to crackle not only on this but on every other page of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for as long as we have a point of view to uphold and the wit to express it.

NOTES

SHABBY SHOW

The Rules of Golf are precise and exacting (*see page 12*). They provide, among other things, that a golfer may not carry more than 14 clubs in his bag. The rules of TV, on the other hand, have been as plastic and pliable as a prostitute's promise.

Caught between these two widely divergent moralities one day last December, Golfer Sam Snead proved to have something less than the wisdom of Solomon. Finding himself at the 12th hole with 15 clubs in his bag during the filming of NBC's supposedly orthodox "*World Championship*" golf tournament, Sam knew as a golfer that he had automatically forfeited the match, which should have ended then and there with young Mason Rudolph the victor. But then Sam made the worst decision he could have made. He decided to play on, purposely flubbing strategic shots to bring about the result the infraction called for.

A half hour after the match, Sam told what he had done. TV Producer Fred Briskin and the NBC people, who are supposed to be a lot brainier than Sam Snead, sat down in conference and made an even goofier decision than Snead's. They decided to show the film and say nothing. And so they did, two weeks ago, just as though Charles Van Doren and the TV quiz scandals were buried in a distant and forgotten past.

But all these shabby facts leaked out after the match had been telecast, and the TV golf fans knew for the first time that they had seen a shabby show. One of the sponsors then belatedly cried foul and chucked the whole thing.

TO POT BY VOTE

For the last 40 years, freshmen and sophomores at the University of California at Los Angeles have been required to take a course in physical education whether they liked it or not. As a matter of fact, most of them liked it. Some weeks ago, however, the UCLA Academic Senate decided to put the matter of compulsory phys ed up to a vote (SI, April 4).

Last week, by what they officially described as "a substantial majority," UCLA's teachers voted to let their students go to pot if they chose to do so. Physical education would continue to be taught, but only as an elective, to anyone who preferred to keep in shape.

THEY SAID IT

H. MARVIN POLLARD, professor of medicine at the University of Michigan, on the signs of decline: "*A man with an aging state of mind is one who turns to the obituary page before he looks at the sports page, and in a restaurant looks at the menu before he looks at the waitress.*"

JAMES KELLY, ad man and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Silver Anniversary All-America from Swarthmore: "*About all that losing gracefully can teach a boy is—how to lose.*"



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
APRIL 18, 1960

GASPS FOR A FABULOUS FINISH

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

From a wild climax such as the Masters contrives with magical regularity, Arnold Palmer emerged an authentic and unforgettable hero

EVER since the second Masters in 1935, when Gene Sarazen unfurled his famous double eagle, the annual tournament in Augusta has produced a high number of fabulous finishes. In recent years Billy Joe Patton, Jack Burke and Art Wall have performed perfect prodigies on the final day, and last Sunday Arnold Palmer furnished another climax that for sheer melodrama makes a Hitchcock plot sound like *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

As every old Masters hand knows, the 13th and 15th are the most likely holes for picking up strokes on par on the severe back nine of the Augusta National. These two par-5s are filled with danger but, 475 and 520 yards long respectively, they can be reached in two shots, particularly by a golfer who can hit the ball as far as Arnold Palmer. On the fourth and final round of the 24th Masters, Palmer came to these two holes needing to pick up a birdie on either of them to draw even with Ken Venturi and Dow Finsterwald who, paired together, were playing some four holes ahead of him, steadily matching par down the stretch in a tense head-to-head duel.

Palmer failed to get his birdie on the 13th. He carried the creek before the green with his second shot, a three-wood, but the ball bounded over the green into a trap and he took three to get down. He also failed to pick up his birdie on the 15th. Here his drive down the left side of the fairway left him stymied by a tall pine, and he was forced to play an intentional hook with his one-iron which didn't quite come off. By this time Venturi and Finsterwald had finished. On the 18th Dow had missed the tough eight-foot sidehiller he needed for his par 4, but Ken had made his par and at the time he seemed a fairly certain winner. Palmer's best chances to pick up that all-important birdie were now behind him and the holes were running out fast.

Besides being a superb technician who hits beautifully pure golf shots, Arnold Palmer is known for his broad-backed stamina and his courage, and in this tight corner he proceeded to give a demonstration of those qualities that will draw gasps of awe and admiration, and countless times his finish will be recounted in the future. On the short 16th, he made his par 3, but there was a moment when it looked like he had his birdie. Putting uphill from 35 feet away, he left the flagstick in and his bold putt hit it and glanced off. Had the pin been out, the ball might have dropped, but it might also have run seven feet past—it was moving that fast.

Only two holes left now. On the 17th, a par-4, 400 yards downwind, the pin was set in the center well to the back of the green on a mild upslope. After a good drive, Arnold played an eight-iron pitch that hit the middle of the green and sat down quickly, much more quickly than he had bargained it would. It left him about 27 feet below the cup. Twice he walked away from the putt, distracted by spectators behind the green, directly in his line, who were moving back and forth. Over the ball a third time he tapped it firmly. It was on the line but did it have enough legs? The ball hesitated at the lip of the cup and then toppled in. As it disappeared, Palmer leaped into the air in a crazy dance step. He had gotten that birdie after all.

On to the 18th, a par-4 420 yards long, most of them uphill, and the wind against Palmer. As Palmer later related, his first concern was to make sure of his par and a tie with Venturi. He kept his drive away from the right

continued

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

STARING INTENTLY, Palmer follows progress of his 18-foot putt on the 18th green. Ball toppled into cup for a first-day 67 and a lead he held to the end.





PART OF GALLERY THAT REACHED FOUR-DAY TOTAL OF 100,000 RINGS THE 16TH HOLE AS PALMER, PLAYING WITH CLAUDE HARMON

FABULOUS FINISH *continued*

and had a fine straightaway shot at the pin set on the lower deck, a bit to the right. He won the tournament with his approach shot, a six-iron punched a shade to keep it low into the wind. The ball struck two feet to the right of the stick, almost hit it as the terrific stuff on it sent it spinning to the left and subsided five feet to the left of the flag and slightly below it. Arnold did not fuss much with the putt—"I just tried to remember what my old friend George Low says, 'Keep your head down and stay still.' " He played it on a line just outside the left corner of the cup, and it dropped.

It took Arnold a moment to realize that it was all over, all won. He retrieved his ball and walked a normal stride when he suddenly started jumping all over the place.

How the Masters almost annually contrives such incredible finishes is something no one can explain, not even Mr. Clifford Roberts, the tournament chairman, but come they do and they leave you limp and staggering. Long before Palmer's 11th hour heroics, from the tournament's very outset, in fact, this was an exceptionally exciting Masters. Played on a course which invited attacking play —the late spring had made the greens slow and holding—it was hotly fought and punctuated with sudden turns of fortune of such unusual character that the four days were something of an emotional experience.

On the first day there were two unforgettable rounds, an almost errorless 67 by Palmer that put him out in front by two shots, and a 73 by Venturi. Out in a record-tying 31 and playing like a machine, Ken wobbled a little on the 11th green which he three-putted. On the short 12th he pulled his tee shot badly into the bank of rough over the green, and when he proceeded to change his stance at least a dozen times in a minute, he gave the impression of being extremely flustered. Everyone began to wonder if this were to be a re-enactment of his tragic coming-apart on the last round in the 1956 Masters. Events confirmed the fears. He took a double bogey on that 12th, missed the cup from two feet on the 14th and, unable to pull himself together, three-putted the 15th and mis-hit his chip shots on the 17th and 18th for a 42 in—a nightmare of a 42. I don't think anyone, not even Ken's closest friends, expected that he could come back from that echoing disaster, but there is a good deal of iron in this young man. He was back the very next day with a 69 that laid the ghost to rest right then and there. That was something to admire, wholeheartedly, as was his continued gallant play on the last two rounds that seemed to have won the tournament for him. "Ken," Bob Jones said to him at the presentation ceremonies, "it is a very great pleasure to present to you the runner-up medal, and Lord knows it ought to be a lot more."

A COSTLY PUTT

On the second day Palmer's 73 gave him the lead at the halfway mark with a total of 140 but only after a weird technicality had changed Finsterwald's total from an apparent 139 (69–70) to 141. It came about this way. On his first round, after holing out on the fifth, Dow had dropped his ball and putted it off the green. He never gave this a second thought until the second round when, after completing the first hole, he dropped his ball on the green and was about to putt it off when Bill Casper, his playing partner, yelled to him not to do it, it was against the rules. A diligent student of the rules, Dow had somehow not realized that the PGA two-stroke penalty for practice putting obtained as well in the Masters and was, in fact, printed on the back of the scorecard. Remembering then that he had violated this rule on the fifth the previous day, he reported this immediately to the officials. At the finish of his round he was advised of the Rules Committee's decision: a two-stroke penalty but not disqualification. The committee, aware that this was the first time in golf history that a penalty



IN THIRD ROUND, PUTTS FOR THE CUP

was assessed the day after the infringement occurred, had decided that disqualification was not in order since the breach of the rules had not affected the actual play of the ball. Dow's 70 on his second round with all this weighing heavily on his mind was really quite remarkable.

As the tournament moved into the third round and the pressure mounted, strong play by Casper and Julius Boros brought them into contention and only his lamentable work on the greens prevented Ben Hogan, the old lion himself, from roaring out in front at one juncture. On the final day, however, it was really all Palmer, Venturi and Finsterwald—Arnold losing the 1-shot lead he started with by bogeying two of the first five holes after Ken had rushed out in 33 and Dow in 34; then fighting back till all he needed to draw even again was a birdie on one of the two inward par-5s; missing his opportunities on the 13th and 15th, and then, when even a tie seemed beyond him, somehow summoning those dramatic birdies on the last two holes. In winning the Masters a second time and in such a way, Arnold Palmer, that most considerate and pleasant young man, has arrived, it would seem, as nothing less than a great golfer. END



GRIM CHALLENGER Dow Finsterwald studies green before making putt.



AFTER BARELY WINNING HIS MUCH-PUBLICIZED THREE-ROUND DEBUT, MARCEL HAS ARM RAISED BY OBLIGING LOSER AIT TAYEB

SALUTE TO A GHOST

Marcel Cerdan Jr. climbs cautiously through the ropes for the first time, carrying the burden of his father's famous name

by GORDON ACKERMAN

PALE, awed and by his own admission "trembling badly," the slender youth mounted the ring for his first public fight and stood dazed while 2,000 Parisian fans rocked the Salle Wagram with wild cheering. He smiled shyly and dropped to his stool. Prodded by his manager, he got up and raised his arms in a salute. A Paris sports reporter, seated in the press section with newsmen from half a dozen countries, emptied his bottle of ale, cupped his hands and called, "How's it feel, *mon vieux*?" The lad smiled once more and stared straight at the reporter but didn't answer. It was a sad, rather pitiable smile.

This was 9:40 p.m., Monday, April 4. The Salle Wagram had been filled for three hours, and extra police were on hand to keep order among the fans, who were there to see what had been billed as the renaissance of French boxing. In one corner sat Ait Tayeb, an unknown Algerian, fighting his ninth amateur lightweight bout. Opposite him sat the evening's hero, making his debut, 16-year-old Marcel Cerdan Jr.

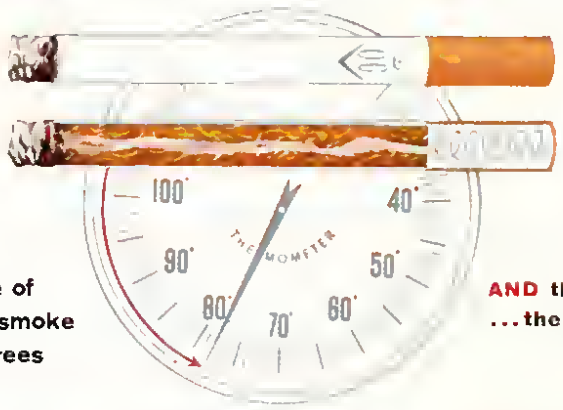
The name Marcel Cerdan is remembered by fight fans everywhere, but only in the hearts of the French does it arouse the kind of emotion felt at the Wagram April 4th. It's an emotion the French sporting world has lived with since October 1949, when Marcel Cerdan Sr. was killed in a plane crash while on the way to New York for a return match with Jake LaMotta, who had won the world middleweight crown from him the preceding spring. To the French, Cerdan was Gene Tunney, Lou Gehrig and Francis X. Bushman, and a bit of James Dean, too. He was a tragic hero, and the French love tragic heroes. When he died, the sports paper *L'Equipe* predicted, "He will have a place in our hearts forever and ever." Some 20,000 mourners attended Cerdan's funeral.

So the fans at the Wagram were there not only to watch the debut of Marcel Cerdan Jr. in a three-round preliminary bout but also to pay homage to a ghost. They were pleased to see several resemblances between father and son. The cold blue eyes were familiar, so were the well-proportioned shoulders and the strangely narrow calves, and the low, awkward carriage with the feet so far apart. It was the same stance that had enticed Tony Zale into a disastrous barrage of left uppercuts in September 1948 at Jersey City, when Cerdan won the world middleweight crown. A few excited French fans said that even the boy's pale face and trembling hands recalled his father.

The setting was familiar, too. Just 23 years ago, Cerdan Sr. had made his amateur debut in the same arena. Happily, he had been deprived of the noisy crowd, the battery of cameramen and wild cheering, the riot police and the fantastic publicity. Nor had he enjoyed the benefits of Philippe

continued

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BENEATH MASSIVE PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER, MARCEL TENDS BAR IN CASABLANCA

Filippi, one of France's ace managers, who handles Alphonse Halimi, among others, and who "discovered" young Cerdan last year tending bar in his mother's cafe in Casablanca, Morocco. It was Filippi who brought Marcel to Paris 10 months ago, gave him A-1 training and trumpeted his ring debut with one of the biggest buildups in the history of amateur boxing. The buildup included a telecast in November last year, on the 10th anniversary of Cerdan's death, that dampened the eyes of French fight fans. Stars of the show: young Marcel ("I can't conceive of life without boxing"); his mother (tearfully: "Boxing took my husband from me, and I'm sure it will take my son"); and Manager Filippi ("Old Marcel is up there watching me, and I *know* he's happy about what I'm doing for his boy").

The hoopla grew and grew, even though Marcel's fight was rescheduled four times. Manager Filippi himself admitted the "difficulty" of finding an opponent for "my hobby," as he called Marcel. But French fans needed little prompting to play their role—the fight was sold out hours before it began and traffic was jammed as far back as the Arc de Triomphe. The necessary celebrities were on hand (notably absent: Singer Edith Piaf, Cerdan Sr.'s close friend and godmother to his son), and Marcel's mother had appropriately cabled: "My thoughts are with my boy, and my heart is beating faster."

The fans sat nervously through two preliminaries, waiting for young Marcel's three-round debut. Under their pounding feet, the old Wagram floor shook dangerously. From a corner of the balcony someone chanted, "Cer-dan, Cer-dan," and soon the whole hall was yelling it. "Cer-dan, Cer-dan," they cried as the bewildered teen-ager shook hands with his opponent and as two fans became entangled trying to touch the boy's robe. "Marcel Cerdan," the speaker wailed. In the roar no one heard (or cared) that he weighed 136.4 pounds or that his opponent was six years older and four ounces lighter.

From the start it was painfully evident that the lad was suffering from what *L'Equipe* kindly called "paralyzing stagefright." His big saucerlike eyes looked like they had just had a glimpse of doom, the thin legs nervously massaged the canvas, and one slender arm toyed with the ropes. Manager Filippi eyed the capacity crowd and rubbed vaseline on the boy's face.

ROUND ONE

All 2,000 were on their feet to watch young Marcel catapult from his corner straight into his opponent's right fist. Cerdan bobbed nervously, then lunged forward with a series of potent body punches, leaving an opening that only an opponent as inexperienced as Tayeb could have missed. "Uppercut, uppercut," Filippi yelled. Turning to listen, Marcel caught a near-fatal right on his nose but regained his balance quickly enough to score a telling jab to Tayeb's jaw that helped him win the round. One minute later he was pounding again at Tayeb's body in schoolboy fashion, still embarrassingly open. The North African uncorked three surprisingly fast jabs to the mouth and eyes, Cerdan swung wildly over Tayeb's head, and when the round ended he had a slightly damaged left eye. In the third and final round Cerdan was awkward on his feet but fast and accurate enough to land a left uppercut on Tayeb's jaw. He took considerable abuse, but Tayeb found it impossible to connect squarely with the bobbing head.

In his corner, waiting for the decision, Cerdan Jr. looked not so much like a future middleweight champ as a high school freshman thrust into a bull ring. Tayeb was clearly the more mature fighter, and Cerdan had several times been in serious trouble. Cerdan's action had been almost wholly defensive. During the second round when Tayeb had hit him on the chin he had come very close to falling.

Even before the decision photographers crowded the ring for Marcel's victory shot with Manager Filippi. That started the roaring again and nearly drowned out the decision: Cerdan, on points. But, as one of the judges later revealed, "very few points."

The critics were gentle but firm. "After all," bemoaned *France-Soir*'s Jean Dumas, "are we to compare a 16-year-old boy with a world champion at the height of his career? Only with very great progress can he prove he's worthy to bear the name Marcel Cerdan." Added *Le Figaro*, "He doesn't yet possess the rhythm necessary for his chosen profession."

However, Edward Rabret, president of the European Boxing Union, summed it up best.

"The thing was premature," he declared after the fight. "I rather felt sorry for the lad. He wasn't ready yet. If we can forget his name for one moment we can see he made a nice clean debut—that he's not afraid and loves to box. Filippi is serious about the thing and mustn't be accused of promotion. But someone, perhaps the French public, is guilty of pushing the boy too far too fast." **END**

A NEW MOSCOW REVOLUTION

Mikhail Tal's brilliant and bewildering victories in world championship chess stunned the Russians—and they may also have mirrored a national trend

by EDMUND STEVENS and ROBERT CANTWELL

CHESS FANS waited in the snow and ice outside the ancient Pushkin Theater in Moscow and some 1,200 enraptured spectators inside periodically violated all chess protocol with roars of applause. And on giant boards in the streets and on the walls of chess clubs all over Russia, a good part of the population watched the unfolding of one of the keenest dramas in the history of the game. The set at the Pushkin was a simple one: a table in the center of the stage, two chess clocks that timed the players' moves and, on the backdrop, a sign in square Russian letters: MATCH FOR WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP.

The sign was probably unnecessary: everybody in Russia knew that Mikhail Tal, 23, was challenging Mikhail Botvinnik, 48, holder of the world championship for 10 years, to a 24-game series. And the setting would hardly be mistaken for a musical comedy. The cast consisted only of the two chess masters, plus their 32 chessmen. But the curtain rose on a controversy as to the nature of chess: the question of whether chess is an art or a science, a game, a sport or a branch of mathematics.

The proceedings started when Botvinnik climbed laboriously onto the stage and plunked his stocky torso down on his chair before the black men. He hunched over the board, his head cradled in his hands, a picture of concentration, intellect, self-possession and calm. A very eminent electronics engineer, methodical and deliberate in his chess playing, as well as in his speech and movements, Botvinnik communicated an impression of awesome intellectual resources. Mikhail Tal settled himself before the white men, respectfully addressing Botvinnik by the more formal Russian usage, saying Mikhail Moiseyevitch, in deference to his age and his mastery. Botvinnik nodded to Tal, calling him Mischa, the Russian equivalent of Mike. Tal played pawn to king four. Botvinnik replied with pawn to king three, the opening move of the French defense, a very beautiful and balanced game in the hands of a master. The first 10 to 14 moves of the French defense, as of all openings, have been worked out through all possible variations. Botvinnik chose one known as the Winawer variation and, in fact, played almost exactly the same game he had played against the American champion Samuel Reshevsky in the 1948 tournament in which Botvinnik won the world title for the first time. Since the first standard moves are routine, Tal did not deliberate over them, while Botvinnik pondered slowly over each. Too impatient to go through these conventional chess theatrics, Tal jumped up and began to stride around the stage.

Occasionally, as though in response to a brain wave, Tal stopped in his tracks, hovered over the board like a hawk and then resumed his pacing. The most audacious and unorthodox chess master since Paul Morphy, the exact opposite of Botvinnik in manner, appearance, temperament and style of play, Tal gave the impression of being guided by momentary inspiration alone. Before the match started, the *Times* of London had said of Tal: "He rejoices in skating over thinner ice than that over which any living master would dare to travel. . . ." Soviet chess experts, who have grown up in an era dominated by Botvinnik's methodical electronic-brain type of chess, felt that Botvinnik would win again.

It quickly became evident that Tal was skating on such thin ice that ponderous Botvinnik could not follow him. Tal moved his queen out early, opening a feint on the king side which allowed Botvinnik to advance his queen pawn to the seventh row without opposition, while Tal placed a bishop which, in one of the sudden deceptive moves of which he is a master, was revealed to be bearing on Botvinnik's king and on the rook behind the king. So Botvinnik would lose his rook when he moved out of check. There was a thunderous roar from the crowd. The electric sign, SILENCE, PLEASE, flashed over and over



WORRIED BOTVINNIK (LEFT) DROPPED

without effect. Botvinnik resigned.

Outside Russia that outcome was not considered surprising. But it struck the Soviet chess world like a bolt from the blue. The shock deepened when Botvinnik was hard-pressed to draw the next four games. In the sixth game Tal sacrificed a knight, literally giving it away. Botvinnik took it, and found his men drawn into the kind of position where his own plodding and systematic attack could not function. He had wasted precious moments early in the game—each player has to make a

minimum of 40 moves in 2½ hours, but any part of the time can be spent on any move—so he was now pressed for time. The five hours passed with the game unfinished, and it was adjourned. But Botvinnik resigned without resuming play.

In the seventh game the excitement reached near-hysteria proportions. Tal, wrote a Russian expert, "has turned a new page in psychology and technique." At one point Tal made an unexpected knight jump to the edge of the board. "Like a gunshot at sparrows," said a commentator, disgusted with this apparent frivolity. But again Botvinnik, in trying to take advantage of a wasted move, launched his attack prematurely. "Tal's prompt reply was a double rook sacrifice," said the Soviet critic, "and Botvinnik's entire structure started to crumble like a castle of cards."



BEHIND, THEN RALLIED, HE AND TAL HAVE ADDED TO WORLD CHESS HISTORY

In the Pushkin Theater the crowd got out of hand. A wild supporter yelled to Tal, "Mischa, at him with your knight!" Since Tal had lost his knight that started a roar of laughter. The tumult grew. The Swedish judge, Gideon Stahlberg, warned the crowd to be silent. When the cheering continued, the curtain was lowered, and the game went on out of sight of the audience. But it was over, and Botvinnik was defeated.

The Russians, who take chess more seriously than anything except soccer, were going through agonizing reappraisals. The country was divided into Botvinnik and Tal factions. Each seemed to reflect its hero, Botvinnik supporters tending to be mature and dignified, Tal's fans younger, more boisterous, thrilled by daring and sacrifice and fed up with the pedantry of the official chess world of Russia. Botvinnik, for example, has been known to lecture for three hours to tournament officials on minor points of chess rules. Tal's great contribution has been to reintroduce inspiration and color and imagination into the game. He made innovations in the classical openings, which are supposedly exhausted. He contributed remarkable sacrifices and bold and aggressive attack. Before his series with Botvinnik was half over, it looked as if Tal's inspiration had won, that the methodical and routine style which Botvinnik had come to symbolize was bound to give way to a more romantic (and certainly more exciting) form of the world's oldest game.

Botvinnik, however, has been world champion despite other revolts in the past. He now turned Tal's weapons against him. Botvinnik won the eighth game by a reversal of the sort that makes chess endlessly fascinating. He played the sort of chess that Tal played. In the ninth game Tal pulled off one of his brilliant sacrifices, trading a knight for two pawns. But this time Botvinnik unexpectedly gave up a third pawn. Surprised and confused, Tal ran into an awkward position where his own men circumscribed his action, and he resigned. The next game was drawn, and the eleventh was won by Tal. Botvinnik, suffering from the flu, then asked for a four-day postponement. Thus at almost the midway point, with the score 6½ for Tal and 4½ for Botvinnik, Tal looked like the new world champion. But Botvinnik was also looking like a still-resourceful world master. He had shown that he could play Tal's game. The certain winners were clearly the people who enjoyed chess.

Botvinnik became world champion almost by default after the death of Alexander Alekhine. A White Russian who sided with the Nazis, a brilliant, bold and unscrupulous player, Alekhine was found dead under mysterious circumstances in Lisbon after World War II. Botvinnik then won the world tournament held in Moscow to determine Alekhine's successor. Never known as a brilliant player (he finished fifth in his first international tournament), Botvinnik triumphed in the long run by a stolid and determined game, the cold calculation of alternatives, the wearing down of opponents.

Tal was born in Riga in 1936, the son of a Jewish physician. He learned to play chess at 6, began winning the tournaments at 12, at 19 tied for fifth place in the finals for the Soviet championship and then won the title two years in a row. A graduate of the University of Riga, he is newly married to Sally Lindau, a ballet dancer, and is a deputy of the Riga soviet and a member of the Young Communist League. Generally grim in appearance during games, Tal is quick to smile offstage. He broods darkly when he is playing, clutching his left hand, which was deformed at birth. Now he has become an idol of Riga, a radio commentator and editor of a chess magazine that is sold out the moment it reaches the newsstands.

Since his match is only half over, there is still a possibility that he may not win it and that Mikhail Botvinnik will remain world champion. But if Botvinnik does so it will be because he has learned to play Mikhail Tal's kind of chess.

Either way, the game of chess is the victor. More important, the endorsement by Soviet chess fans of a new philosophy of spontaneity and brilliance tells us something about Russian social evolution. END

Snowball Game



It wasn't so much the 33° temperature or the oozy quagmire; what was really bothering players like the University of Detroit's Bruce Maher last week was trying to hit a baseball that hung in falling snow like a grape in aspic. Lloyd Brazil, the Detroit coach, had succumbed to the eagerness of spring and decided his team should open its season on schedule against Albion College, in spite of Decemberish weather. As his Titans took the field, snow flurries started. Two and a half hours and seven innings later, when the game was finally called, the stuff was falling in mushy blobs, but Gary Mettie, a hot Detroit pitcher, bad won himself a no-hitter. How? When his team batted he slipped into a nearby building to keep warm.





Find the Fish



These fishermen wading and paddling hip-to-hip through the surging waters of the Kebbi River are learning what every avid trout angler knows well: opening day brings out a crowd. The occasion is the start of the traditional Argungu Fishing Festival in northern Nigeria, when the best anglers of the 170,000 Kabawa tribesmen gather to show their net worth, so to speak, and try to land the biggest catch of the day for presentation to Mera IV, Emir of Argungu. The Kabawa are known throughout Nigeria as great fishermen, an ability attested to as they come up with three-footers under such fish-routing conditions as these. Those skeptics who have long thought angling is impossible in the confusion of an opening day are advised to look sharply at the photograph above. See the proud Kabawa happily holding up his catch?

The Impolite Koala

What does the well-bred marsupial do when a neighbor drops in? Well, first he offers him a bite to eat. This is just what happened in a Sydney, Australia game preserve when a furry young koala dropped out of his eucalyptus tree and in on a kangaroolike animal called a wallaby.

The occasion was most unusual, for the aloof koala spends most of its life in trees, dining by night on the intoxicating eucalyptus leaves. The wallaby, which had been eating its normal fare of toadstools and grass, did its best by offering a tidbit. The high-living guest sniffed politely but would have none of it. When the wallaby persisted, the koala jumped impolitely backward and ran for a nearby tree—eucalyptus, of course.



Photograph by George Leavens



Of Mink and Men

Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer and Manager Marv Jenson, mink ranchers, prepare for a title fight

by MARTIN KANE

THE MINK-MATING SEASON, an event of absorbing interest to the world middleweight champion and his 250 mink, abated in West Jordan, Utah a few days ago. There was a perceptible diminuendo of minkish interest in *Liebestraum*. When the last shiny-pelted black diamond of the Gene Fullmer ranch turned jaded eyes from the last female of a luxuriously coated harem, Champion Fullmer tucked the beast into its bachelor dorm for another year, took off the leather gloves he wears for this dangerous work of love and put on boxing gloves for the coming defense of his National Boxing Association title against Joey Giardello. At the same time, his neighbor, Manager Marv Jenson, was separating his own male and female mink and turning his thoughts back to prizefighting.

Fullmer, whose hands are scarred by mink bites, his brows by human fists, will meet Giardello April 20 in the unlikely town of Bozeman, Montana, a scant 210 miles from the unlikely town of Shelby, Montana, where financial disaster struck 37 years ago with the truculent force of Jack Dempsey's fists and the subtle poison of Jack Kearns. In Shelby, prosperous once more, the Fourth of July is remembered with the proud bitterness with which Hamelin recalls the day the Pied Piper skipped town. It was on that Fourth that Shelby went illustriously bankrupt. Shelby had guaranteed Kearns $300,000 for the Dempsey-Tommy Gibbons fight but was unable to pay the final $100,000. While Kearns threw a diversionary party for Shelbians after the bout, two of his helpers, by means of liquor and bribes, got past local bank guards and made off with $60,000 in gate receipts. After paying off the station master and an engineer, the Kearns retinue skipped town by locomotive, leaving Shelby penniless.

For the Fullmer-Giardello fight, TV's *Wednesday Night Fights* will pick up most of the tab, not Shelby,

continued

JENSON DRAPES HIS FOUR-MONTH-OLD GRANDDAUGHTER CINDY IN EXPENSIVE FURS. HIS WIFE MARGARET ENJOYS THE BYPLAY





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and by no means Bozeman. Bozeman is supplying only the Montana State College's spang-new field house, which can seat 11,600, and a community fascination with prizefighting that extends throughout the Rocky Mountains, a region that proudly recalls that Jack Dempsey developed his brawling ring ways in this very locale. Dempsey had some of his early fights



WELDER-CHAMP Fullmer still uses his torch in chores about the mink ranches.

at the Copper King Saloon of Bingham, Utah, a few miles from Gene's home in West Jordan. The Copper King still stands, weathered now and afflicted with grand jury prejudices against open gambling, but proudly memorialized to every thirsty wayfarer as the scene of many a wild Dempsey fight. An abstemious Mormon elder, Fullmer never has sipped the Copper King's beer but he has soaked up its spirit. To him and to Manager Jenson, Dempsey is the idol of all boxing history.

The mystique of the fight with Giardello is founded on these long thoughts of bygone days and on the plush pelts of thousands of mink. Not only is Fullmer a mink rancher, Manager Jenson is one of the biggest mink ranchers in Utah. Jenson probably is topped in local ranch size only by Promoter-Furrier Joe Dupler, president of the Intermountain Boxing Club. Dupler will co-promote the fight with Norm Rothschild of Syracuse, New York, a man who would like to make enough out of it all to buy his wife a mink coat. And the fight was timed to coincide with the end of the mink-mating season.

KITS FOR AVA

Jenson is famous as originator of the cerulean-blue strain worn only by the likes of Ava Gardner and Paulette Goddard. His 1,200 mink are expected to produce 4,000 kits, and these, when mature, will be sold at prices ranging from $30 to $105 apiece. Jenson's original cerulean-blue male was sold as breeding stock for $6,500. It cost him $12 to raise. Jenson deals only in the rare strains—black diamonds, pearls, autumn hazes and such—and so does Fullmer. Jenson has won the international mink-breeding championship in 10 of 11 years. Because he found it tedious to round up horses, slaughter and hamburger them for mink feed, he established a mink farmers' cooperative, which now takes care of the chore. He is rated the best mink grader in the West Jordan area. A mink grader evaluates mink in terms of its fur's color, texture and other desirable qualities, and can make $300 a day at it. Jenson performs the service free for his West Jordan friends. He does his fastidious grading under artificial lights designed to give the same natural light as would be found at 10 a.m. on a sunny November day at a distance of 20 feet from the north side of a building 20 feet high. Grading mink is that finicky.

But Jenson is also a country-style fight manager who first came to national attention in 1951 when he raised Rex Layne to the eminence of a losing fight with Rocky Marciano.

Six years later the country manager came back to New York and beat the city slickers with Gene Fullmer, a country-style fighter who won the middleweight title from slick Sugar Ray Robinson, only to lose it in their return engagement. Now Gene once more holds at least the NBA version of the title, which is unrecognized only in New York and Massachusetts. In those states Paul Pender is king, at least until his April 29 bout with Robinson at Boston.

Like his champion, Jenson is a devout Mormon elder. Neither will drink even tea, let alone whisky. Jenson is also a former mayor of West Jordan (pop. 2,100), president of the district's 20-town school board and a citizen of high practical consequence to his community. During the mink-mating season he was involved in such a busy tangle of civic, genetic and sporting pursuits that he had to call school-board meetings for 6 a.m. In this early rising he is topped locally only by Ned Winder, Utah Boxing Commission chairman, who called 4 a.m. meetings. Winder is a dairy owner, with dawn waking habits firmly fixed. He is also a baker and cemetery owner. His business motto: "Drink our milk, eat our bread and let us bury you after you're dead."

Jenson recently built a luxurious fight camp, which he hopes eventually will stable 40 fighters. The building's announced cost is $80,000. It could easily be more.

In its present unexpanded state the camp has six bedrooms for the fighters, each room with wall-to-wall carpeting. There is a similarly carpeted living room, fitted with TV and lounging chairs upholstered in rich fabrics and baby-blue Leatherette.

The gymnasium is equipped for boxing, naturally, but also for basketball, high jumping, pole vaulting and high school dances. These facilities are for neighborhood children.

It seats 600 for weekly fights ($2 a seat). Its ring eventually will be equipped with a hydraulic lift to raise it to the ceiling for dances and other events. The six punching bags are covered with tough, expensive kangaroo hide. There are a movie-projection booth and screen. In a shiny cafeteria fighters in residence eat free.

Any young fighter who wants to try himself under Jenson's appraising eye is welcome to join the camp, provided he passes physical and psychological examinations followed by a three-week trial period. To earn their keep while Jenson and Trainer Angelo Curley teach them, the fighters do chores—cooking, running a vacuum cleaner, making beds or feeding the mink penned near the gymnasium.

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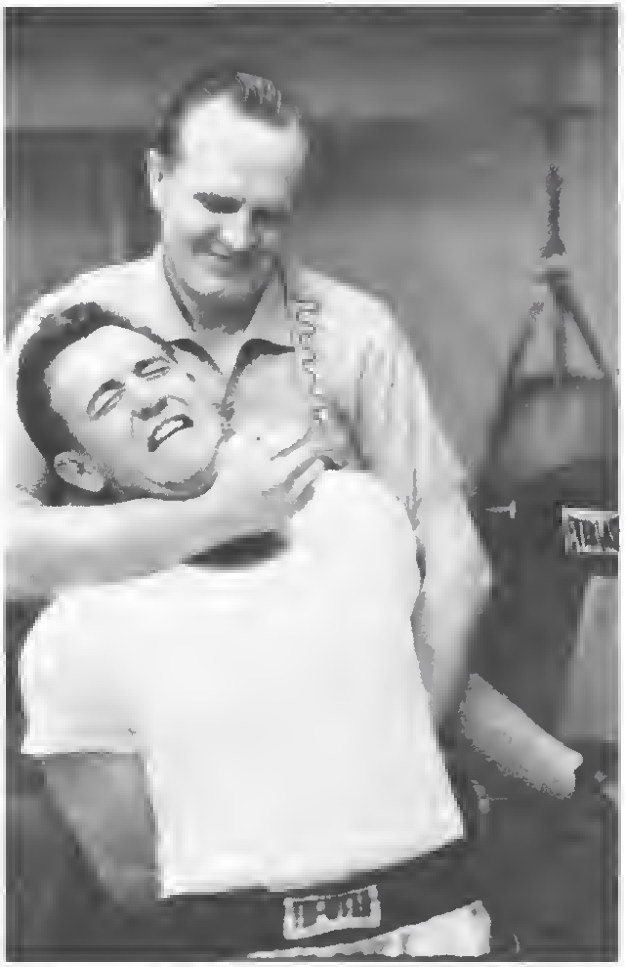
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JUDO NERVE-HOLD, perfected by Manager Jenson after dissecting horses, tames his heavyweight prospect, Lamar Clark.

Five of these fighters are now in camp: Claude Hudson, 135 pounds, a good infighter who is capable of quoting from Thomas Wolfe at sonorous length; Don Adamson, 127, a sleek boxer-puncher who is very hard to hit; Lamar Clark, a heavyweight who, until he lost to Bartolo Soni last Friday, had the sometimes suspect record of 44 knockouts in 45 fights; and Leo Owens, 160, and Nathan Ish, 165, sparring partners for Gene. The fighting Fullmer brothers, Gene, Don and Jay, live at their nearby homes. So does Jenson's newest heavyweight prospect, the powerfully muscled Truman Lucky (born Lukenbach). Lucky has won his first three fights by knockouts, emulating the record of the more numerically advanced Clark.

For all the raised eyebrows about Clark's record, those who know him best insist that this all-round high school athlete of a few years ago really can punch hard enough to gain top ranking. Before his loss to Soni, Jenson was about to launch Clark against tougher opposition, with an eye on an early Brian London fight. That would be followed, if all went well, by an Ingemar Johansson title shot in Sweden next September. Johansson's adviser, Edwin Ahlquist, has told Jenson that if Clark beats a recognized European heavyweight like London he will be an acceptable opponent for a Johansson home-town defense. A certain amount of Swedish camaraderie between Ahlquist and Jenson is involved. But the TKO by Soni may change all that.

Jenson runs a happily active fight camp. In one brief recent period he had rounded up the following fights:

April 6: Jay Fullmer vs. Gale Kerwin, at Miami Beach, a Wednesday night TV appearance.

April 8: Lamar Clark vs. Bartolo Soni, at Ogden, Utah.

April 20: Gene Fullmer vs. Joey Giardello at Bozeman, also a Wednesday night television affair.

May 11: Don Fullmer vs. Stefan Redl (a Wednesday nighter, too) at Jenson's gym in West Jordan. For this one the TV camera will peep out of the fighters' living room window, which overlooks the ring. It is one of the more extraordinary TV fight sites of the decade, but Jenson is one of the more extraordinary fight managers.

All these *Wednesday Night Fights* have led to suspicion that Jenson has patched up his feud with James D. Norris. He has not.

"I haven't spoken to Norris since Gene lost the title to Robinson three years ago," Jenson insists. "I deal only with Lester Malitz, who produces the *Wednesday Night Fights* and has dealt fairly with me. He has made me the best offers. My first obligation is to my fighters, to get them the most money. I can't sacrifice their financial welfare."

The fighters, in turn, respond with high regard for Jenson. They don't even mind, too much, their manager's constant horseplay experimentation with nerve-crushing judo holds, some of which he originated by dissection of horses.

"I've always been interested in medicine," he explained, while Promoter Rothschild writhed in an illustrative grip. "I dissected horses to follow the path of the nerves through the body. It's very like the human body. Wherever a nerve crosses over a bone you can get a grip that will subdue anyone. It's a great way to bring promoters to terms."

"I'll give you 98%," Rothschild volunteered.

Fullmer will, in fact, get at least $100,000 from the Giardello fight, for which a $125,000 gate is expected and a $100,000 television purse has been put up. Giardello gets $25,000, plus expenses, the most he has ever made.

A chunky 165 pounds with the fight only a few days away, the champion was not taking it lightly, in spite of Giardello's 1959 record, which included losses to Tiger Jones and Dick Tiger. He knows that Giardello redeemed himself in a return with Dick Tiger. He knows that Giardello can punch.

To fix his mind more firmly on fighting, Gene recently quit his welder's job at the copper mines. It was an official retirement, since he had actually not worked at welding for a year or so. He still picks up his welder's tools for small repairs around his and Jenson's mink pens, but it does seem that he will never need any other trade but mink farming. He is doing very well financially. Each year the size of his ranch increases, each year the future grows more secure. He owns a nicely appointed five-bedroom home, complete with basement trophy room, five hunting dogs (two Weimaraners and three mutts), and the respect of his community.

He is joined in that community regard by Jenson. They make a rare pair in the prizefight business, rarer than cerulean mink. **END**



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A Gem of a Gin Champion

by ROBERT WERNICK

At Las Vegas an unexpected jeweler from New Orleans schneidered 628 opponents for the gin rummy title

THE dark delirious caverns where the gambling goes on in Las Vegas have among them every adornment known to architect or interior decorator—every one, that is, but windows and clocks, for it is not considered proper that the customers be aware of the passage of time. You can, however, tell when it is 10 in the morning by the relative scarcity of backs crouching over the tables and the wearily feverish aura those present dispense. In such a cavern, at that hour a couple of weeks ago, two boys from Tulsa could be seen—red-eyed, bristle-chinned, catatonically pushing stacks of chips across the green baize. "Double down on 10!" intoned one of them, and he drew an ace and cried for joy, "We've got our registration money back, Buster!" and, scooping up their handfuls of cash, the pair of them shambled across the casino to a stairway decorated with foot-high picture cards, all spades. At the top lay the headquarters and signing-in room of the 4th International Gin Rummy Tournament for Charity, and a mass of other men and women—629 by the final count—was on its way there, each with the $100 entry fee in hand, and most with $50 more for the Added Sweepstakes.

Physically, most of this crowd were in little better shape than Buster, for this is probably the only sporting event known in which the average contestant gets into training by staying up all the previous night, sharpening his card sense at blackjack or his mathematical instincts at the crap table. For such training no place in the world has the advantage of Las Vegas, and it is unlikely that the International Tournament will ever be held elsewhere. The contestants are out for a good time as much as for the grimmer phases of the competition, and what better place in midwinter for a snowbound cardplayer to visit than the sunny desert, there to meet old friends from last year's matches, make new ones, swim and hit a jackpot and take in the shows, which this year are mostly grandiose vaudeville acts presenting bevies of young ladies of foreign extraction, clad each in a pound of paint and a gross of feathers, who go wiggling and giggling around an immense luminous stage? And Las Vegas enjoys having these visitors as much as they enjoy visiting it, for the beginning of March is apt to be a slack season anyway, and 629 hotel rooms filled with people who can pay $150 just to get into a card game is a cheerful statistic. Cheerful, too, is the fact that gin players, unlike bridge players, are all gamblers by nature, and when they aren't playing their own game they are glad to play the casinos'.

In sheltered circles the words gin rummy may evoke an image of the garment manufacturers and show-business sharpies among whom the game developed. But it has spread far; it is now one of the three most popular card games in America. Less intellectual than bridge, more respectable than poker, simple enough to be played almost anywhere with almost anyone yet complex enough to challenge the man of wiles, fast and uncomplicated and cutthroat and easy to score, it has an ever-widening appeal. "We get all types here," said one of the tournament officials, "from ordinary working punks to real big men, millionaires."

And the 629 contestants came, indeed, from all points of the compass. There were groups from Mexico City and Calgary, from Macon and Memphis and Salt Lake City. There were winners of local tournaments where the prize had been a free trip to Vegas. There were men who insisted that

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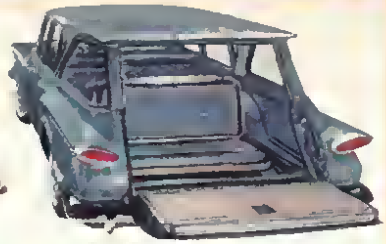
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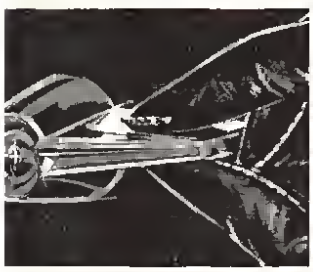


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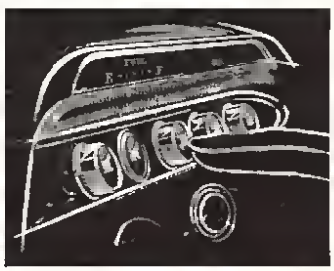


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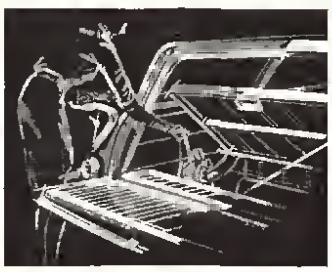




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with their income they weren't in this thing for the money, and others who looked rather as if they were. There was a group called the Beverly Club from Los Angeles, where, to hear them talking, they do nothing but play gin 24 hours a day; this club chartered a DC-7 to bring in 60-odd of its members. There were oilmen from far-off fields—Midland, Texas; Mount Pleasant, Mich.—and there were representatives of less adventurous professions, like stockbrokers, who were not too anxious to have their customers find out what they did with their spare time. There were fishermen, doctors, housewives, restaurant owners, a Golden Gloves champion, the wife of Chico Marx, and an unidentified player who had been through all the bookstores of San Francisco the previous week, buying up copies of Jacoby's *How to Win at Gin Rummy*.

Were these the best gin rummy players in the world? Obviously. It is characteristic of the game that anyone who plays it for a week becomes an expert and, as far as he is concerned, almost never loses through lack of skill. There was a man offering free lectures on the art before the contests began, and after eight straight defeats he was asked how he was doing. "One game I lost," he said manfully, "five I threw away, and two I was with dames, they didn't either of them know, you should pardon the expression, an ace from third base, and they schneidered me. With women I never get a card."

CARDCUTTA AND FOLLIES BRASSIERE

The day before the competitions started the contestants attended a "Cardcutta" dinner which, as its name indicates, gave them a chance to buy themselves for additional cash prizes. Like the regular prize money, 15% of what was bid here went to assorted local charities. The auction followed the straight-from-Paris show, which is locally and with appalling inaccuracy pronounced Follies Brassiere. After the auction an explanation of the rules was offered by the chief judge, Bridge Expert Alfred Sheinwold. Next morning the play began.

It was held in the 11 big hotels, 10 on the Strip and one downtown, which were underwriting the expenses of the tournament. Different hotels provided different types of arenas. In some, the tables were set up in the very showrooms where a few hours before the sweet birds were singing. In others, play went on in banquet rooms or lounges. Some were quiet; in some the frantic cries and clicks of the neighboring casino could be heard all through the game. At one place a deputy sheriff stood hugely on guard at the door, with gun and cartridge belt and manacles at his waist. At all of them, casino personnel had been hired to keep the games going in the proper order, change guards when called upon, settle arguments and detect fraud. Officials of the tournament and observers from the U.S. Playing Card Company wandered from hotel to hotel to overlook the whole operation. Considering the scattered installations, the large number of players and the irascibility generally connected with this sport, the whole thing went off in a remarkably friendly and relaxed atmosphere. In fact, the players were so intent on their game that when a casket, designed as a showpiece for an undertaker's convention, was mistakenly wheeled into the playing room at the Tropicana Hotel, the officials got it wheeled right out without disturbing a single train of thought at the playing tables.

A few minor disturbances did crop up. At one table a movie producer was in the act of picking up a discard when he was informed that his previous game, having been played with the wrong player, was void. "But I beat him," he said, "that game counts or I go." And when the judges refused to count the game, go he did, but not before he had, so to speak, played Zola to his own Dreyfus till the walls shook. He finally caught a plane back to Los Angeles, where he could hurl his thunderbolts against the striking actors.

At another table, a young man from an advertising agency, who had taken compassionate leave to visit a sick aunt in Arizona, miscalled Gin when he still had an odd card in his hand. Under the rules he had to go on playing with all his cards spread out on the table. A few minutes later he picked up his opponent's discard and announced Gin again, this time accurately. His opponent, in civilian life a manufacturer of playing cards, felt constrained to explain this rather

continued

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amazing development and entered a claim that the young fellow had been concealing one of his cards with his nondealing elbow. Judge Sheinwold ruled that the objector had better get another pair of glasses and get on with the game. Grumblingly he agreed to continue, but it was noticed that in his pique he had thrown his cards back in the deck without spreading them out to be counted for his enemy's score. He nonetheless announced a figure for the odd cards he had had in his hand and was backed up by a supervisor who had been watching the game and eventually by Judge Sheinwold himself. So it was now the turn of the bereaved nephew to tune up and call for his lawyer. However, he eventually won the game and allowed himself to be mollified.

Cheating was not a serious problem. The Las Vegas people know most of the cardsharps in the country by sight, and if one of them was observed approaching the registration hall or perhaps some contestant with whom he desired to exchange identities, he was quickly shooed away. All decks were counted and inspected by the judges as a matter of routine after each game, and only one grave irregularity turned up. A contestant was found to have won one game with a deck that lacked three aces, and a second with another deck which contained three extra aces. The judges had to balance the possibility (remote) of telekinetic manipulation against the probability (high) of a hefty lawsuit if they accused anyone of a dishonest act which no one had actually seen. Their solution was to pick two of the hard-eyed, hard-shouldered observers of human life who abound in Las Vegas and assign them to watch the ace man. He showed no sign of unease, but he did lose a series of subsequent games and was eliminated, with no questions asked or answered.

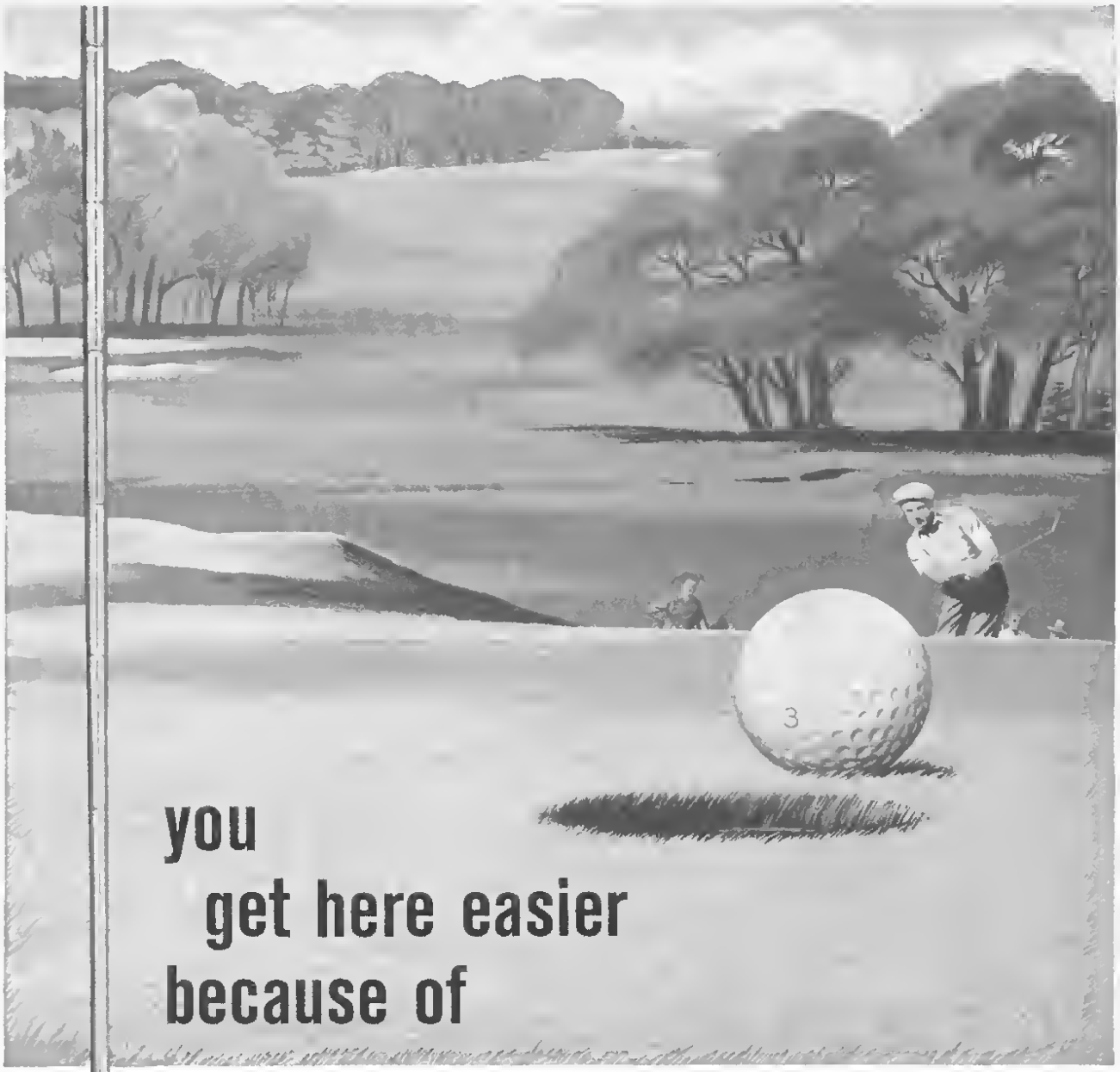
A certain amount of deceit is, of course, an essential ingredient of a good gin game. The manuals on the subject teach the novice to keep rearranging his hand even if its composition never changes, and one of the first problems a player faces in any game is to decide whether or not his opponent is "advertising," that is, discarding a card of a denomination he wants him to discard. Beyond advertising lies the shadowland known as coffeehousing (or teahousing), which, depending on the local standards, is more or less unethical without being quite dishonest. We all have met some of the standard coffeehouse maneuvers: taking a considerable time to decide to throw away a card which is obviously worthless; issuing a loud sigh accompanying the discard of an unwanted card; making a pretense of being tempted by an upcard of no value; sprinkling in random remarks artfully designed to suggest other worries than the real ones. No one can draw a clear line between coffeehousing and the natural hesitation of friendly conversation, and Judge Sheinwold in his rulings went on the principle that any player who let himself be taken in had only himself to blame. In one of the later rounds, a soft-spoken jeweler from New Orleans named Alex Berger tossed out a 10 of clubs with an innocuous remark on the order of, "I suppose you want this." Later he picked up a 10 of hearts, which completed a sequence, and he ginned. His opponent, who had been chattering right merrily himself as long as he was ahead, snapped, "Let's have no more conversation, please." "Do you mind," asked Mr. Berger gently, "if I say Gin when I have it?" He said it several times over and won.

A POKER AND PINOCHLE MAN

The wings of fortune were, in fact, at that time already beating ostentatiously over Mr. Berger's head. It was sheer chance that he ever got into the tournament. He does not particularly think of himself as a gin player and never goes for more than 2¢ a point. He is a poker and pinochle man and only came to Las Vegas in the first place to accompany a friend who had won the New Orleans gin rummy championship. He signed up to play because he wanted a good excuse not to hang around the crap tables all day. At that, he would not have come at all if an old war injury hadn't been giving him trouble, forcing him to postpone a diamond-buying trip, and if his daughter's horse show had not been postponed.

He breezed through the first two days of the tournament. In these opening rounds everyone played 16 opponents, and the winners of 13 or

continued



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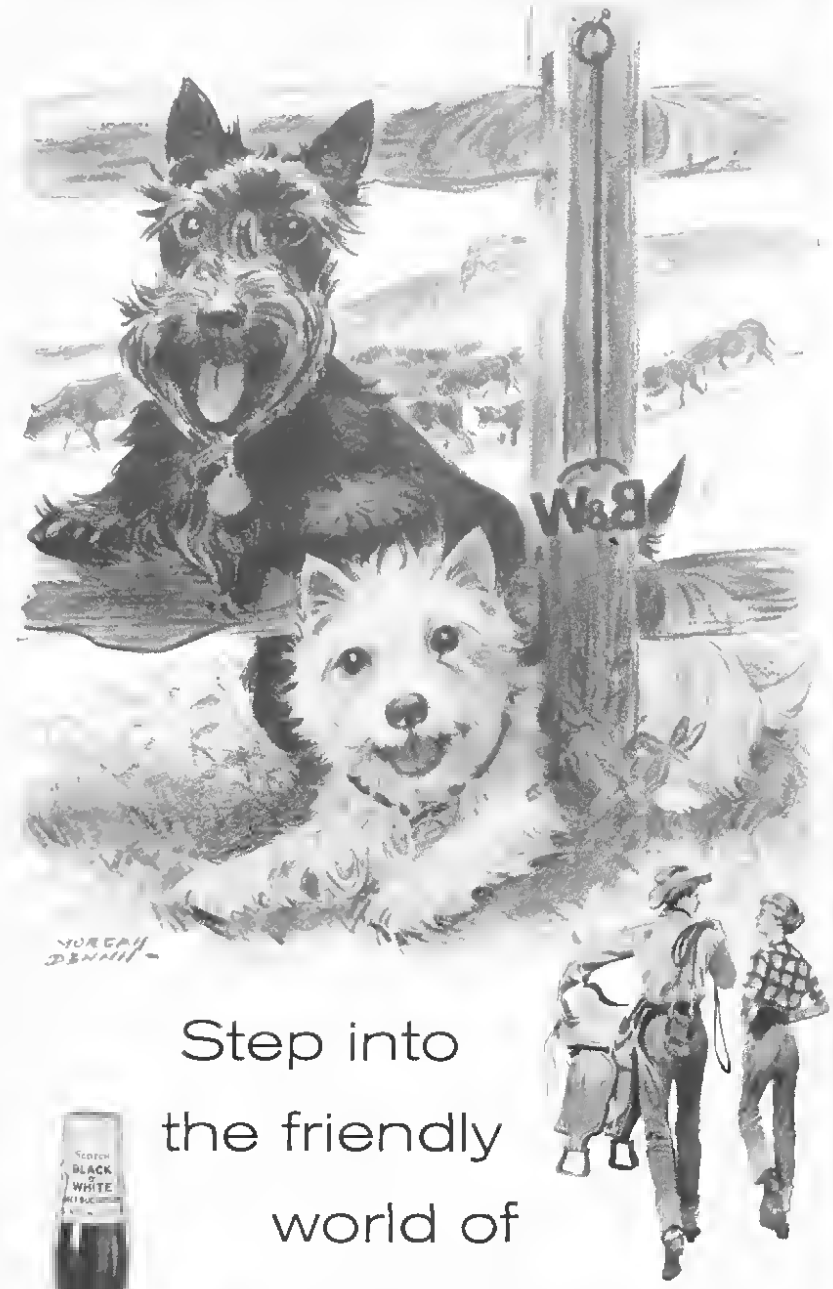
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more games went on to more advanced rounds. They were quick games—200 points—and at 200 points it is easy for a good player to go down against a lucky nincompoop; but the luck tends to even out, and anybody who won 13 games against the competition on hand was bound to be pretty good. After the quarterfinals it was clear that Mr. Berger was a serious contender for the title. The evening before the last day he received a call from a friend of his, the man who had bought him at the Cardcutta. "Go to bed early," said the friend, "get a good dinner and a good night's sleep. Relax." Later Berger got a summons to visit a dignitary at another hotel. "Look," said the dignitary, "I've bought 10% of you, you're my boy, go to bed early, stay away from the tables tonight, get some rest." Somewhat chagrined that neither well-wisher pushed solicitude to the point of offering him a chance to buy 10, or even five percent of himself, Berger nevertheless did retire early.

PRAYERS AND HESITATIONS

Next day, in the semifinals, he eliminated a member of the Beverly Club, a builder named Meyer Horn. Another Beverlyite, Mrs. Sally Lazar, ran into an appalling streak of bad cards and was quickly swept out by a cleancut young (27) man from Salt Lake City, Bob Nelson, part owner of a laundry and a serious student of the game for only a little over a year. Nelson, who played with one leg tucked under the other, continually wiped his cold wet hands on the napkins provided for the purpose and was given to almost audible calculations and prayers as he hesitated before a discard or a knock. He was a favorite with such audiences as could get to see him—officials and the press only, because for obvious reasons it was not advisable to let the public wander in among the players—but he was not expected to get very far. Gin is a game that depends not only on reason and memory but on judgment, profound and rapid calculations of how a given opponent will behave under psychological stress.

There are no infant gin prodigies. "You'll see, Nelson's got to crack," muttered the older gamblers among

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themselves as they compared notes after each session. They were dumfounded when in the quarter-finals he eliminated a plumbing-supply man from New Albany, Ind., a big cool man named Herbert Durbin, who is famous in Las Vegas for having once, with $900 on the blackjack table in front of him, stood on a three and a deuce and won. Yet it was Durbin who, in the heat of combat, miscounted the cards and discarded the 50th, which cost him a big hand when he might have got a draw by breaking up one of his melds.

So it was Berger and Nelson who met for the finals. They were moved to an upstairs room in the Fremont Hotel. Sheinwold sat between them as scorer and judge. Television cameras were poked over the shoulders of the players, and their every twitch of doubt and smile of triumph was transmitted by closed circuit to a downstairs bar where hundreds of admirers were engulfed in an orgy of mass kibitzing. "Berger's twice as old as the kid, this time he'll cream him," said the old gamblers, and this time they were right. After a slow start, Berger won a number of big hands in a row, not by any fancy playing but by having all the cards—"no-brainers," as they are known in the trade. Soon his score was up in the 470s, then the 490s. Three hundred points behind, Nelson was in a desperate hole. If he gambled for Gin he stood to lose a hand by a few points if Berger knocked, and all would be over. If he knocked himself, he might gain a few points, but remain far behind. As it turned out, he had no chance either way. Berger simply sat back and took a few small losses, waiting for a good hand. It came, and Alex Berger, 55 years old, two children, 34 years a jeweler, who had never won anything in his life but a shuffleboard tournament in a Miami hotel, was a world's champion.

He submitted with dignity to the pageantry of victory enacted around him. Heaps of shiny silver dollars were wheeled in. A silver cup in the form of a peacock with playing-card wings was presented, along with a check for $17,225. A crown of cards was taken off the head of last year's champion, 71-year-old Harry Wilmarth, an insurance man from Portland, Ore., and placed on the new one by a 17-year-old Gin Rummy Queen from Las Vegas High.

A CUT FOR HIS PARTNER

Then Nelson received his cup and his $8,000-odd dollars, of which 10% belonged to his partner back in the laundry in Salt Lake for the overtime he was putting in. It was days before all the other checks were mailed out, amounting to $72,712.50.

Not all of this money left Las Vegas. Most of the contestants were off to their far corners that very night, but some stayed on, from sloth or perhaps a desire to start their training for next year's event. Three days later, Buster and his friend from Tulsa were still gauntly at the tables. "Big eight," cried out the friend, "and we'll have our fare back to Oklahoma." But he crapped out, and they had to go on playing. They may be playing yet—or walking slowly eastward. **END**

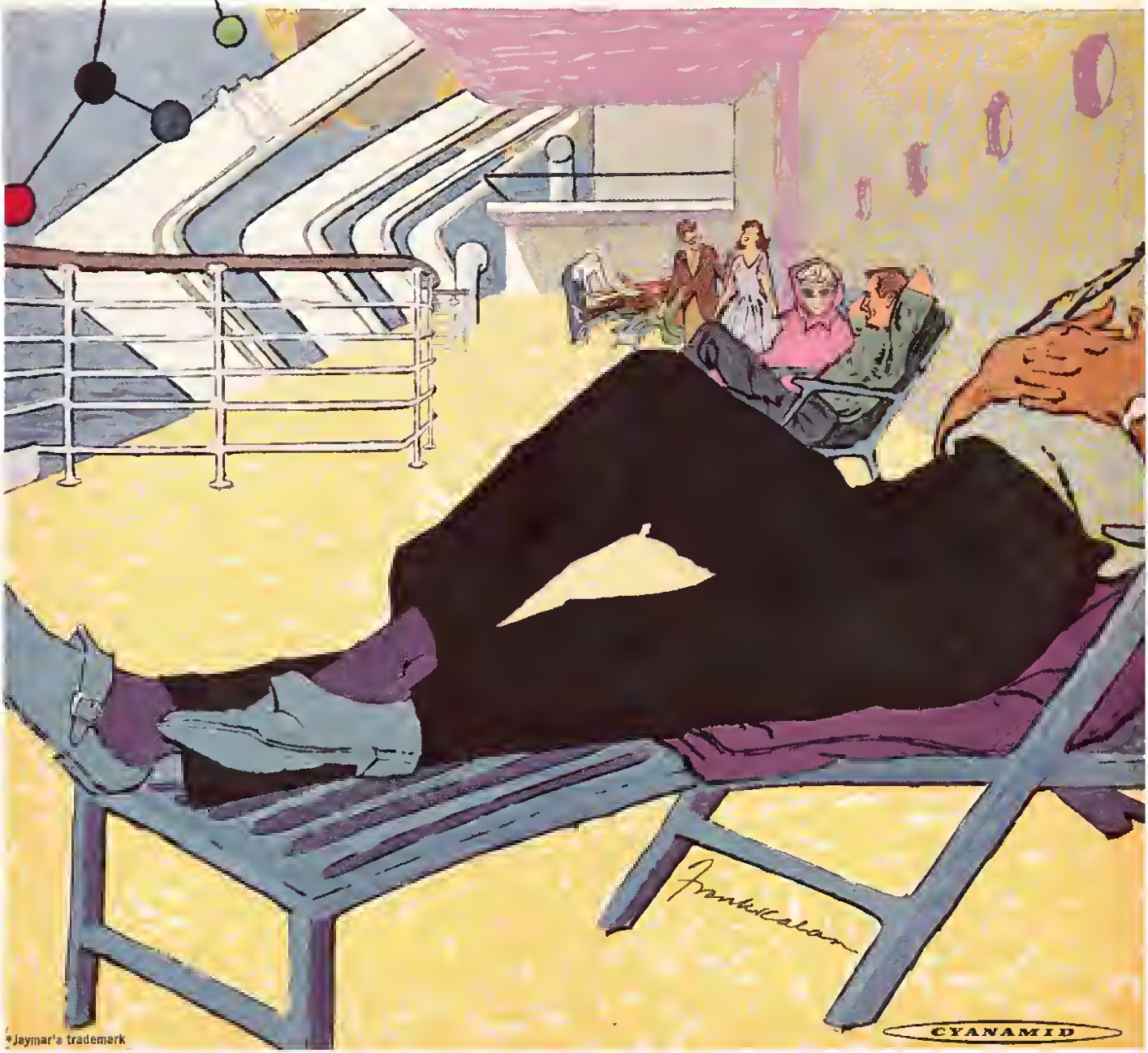


NELSON (LEFT) AND BERGER SHAKE: JUDGE SHEINWOLD REGISTERS HIS APPROVAL

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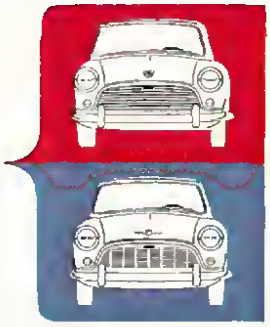
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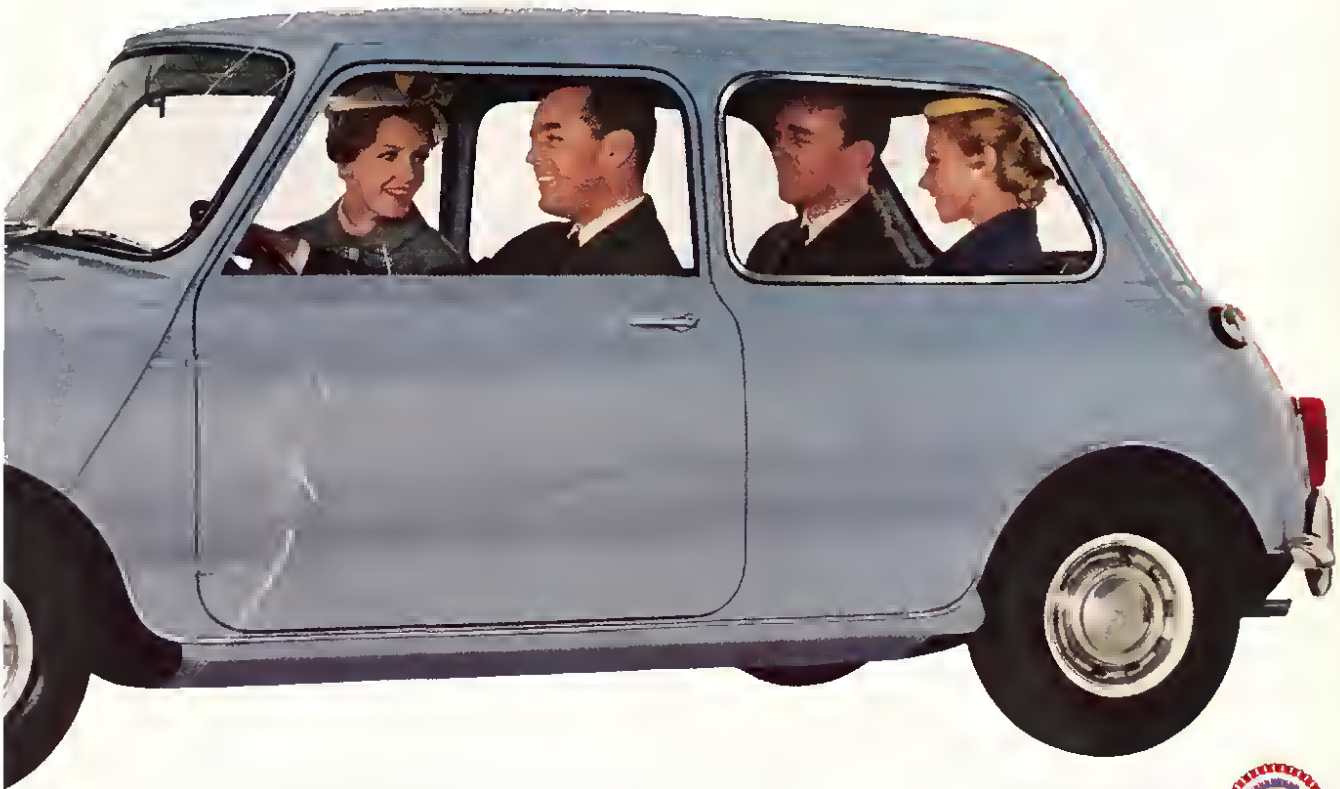
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'It Won't Happen Again'

Memory of an Olympic defeat goads Swimmer Carin Cone to train resolutely for Rome

by KENNETH RUDEEN

IT WAS 6:30 a.m. when the station wagon turned into a silent Houston street and stopped. The horn sounded, and after a few minutes a comely, blue-eyed girl with tousled blonde hair emerged sleepily from her college dorm. In one hand she carried a box of cereal and two half-pint cartons of milk, in the other a textbook and a handbag. With two other equally sleepy girls from the dorm she piled into the station wagon.

Half an hour later, at a junior high school in the Houston suburb of Pasadena, the driver stopped. The girls stepped into a dressing room to change into tank suits. Still drowsy, they moved languidly into the cool half-light of the school's pool and eased slowly into the water.

So started a typical day for 19-year-old Carin Alice Cone (*see cover*), one of the finest swimmers of her generation and this country's chief hope to win a gold medal in the women's backstroke at the Olympics. This week she goes after her 17th and 18th national titles in the women's AAU meet at Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

After giving the girls time to warm up a bit, Coach Phill Hansel, who had driven the station wagon, called out, "All right, kick 50. Set, ho!" Carin and her friends, Freestyler Brenda Dietz and Backstroker Eileen Murphy, splashed away on the first lap of a tough 1½-hour workout. Toward

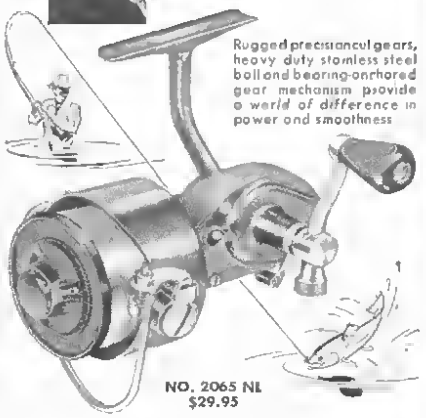
continued



CARIN BASKS IN SPRING SUN AFTER A COLD WINTER'S SWIMMING OUTDOORS



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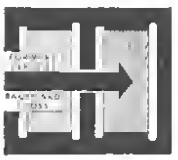


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the end, as the school began to stir, a bugle call blared shatteringly from a loudspeaker at the pool, and a boy's earnest soprano voice intoned, "I pledge allegiance to the flag. . . ."

Panting and wheezing, the girls climbed from the pool, flopped beside it and rested for a minute or two. Then they changed in the dressing room, got back into the station wagon and headed toward Houston. On the way, Carin opened the box of cereal, poured milk into it and, producing a plastic spoon from her handbag, began to eat. This was breakfast. Between bites she skimmed a few pages of the textbook. At 9 the station wagon pulled up to a University of Houston classroom building. Carin smoothed her damp hair and hurried inside to be on time for a psychology exam. A straight-A student, she was not particularly concerned over it.

"That girl," said Hansel as he pulled away, "crams an awful lot of living into 24 hours."

ALWAYS A SWIMMER

From childhood Carin Cone has done an extraordinary amount of her living while wearing a swimsuit. Her home then, as now, was in Ridgewood, N.J. When she was 6 her parents enrolled her in a Red Cross swimming course. At 9 she took advanced lessons at the Women's Swimming Association pool in Manhattan.

"Originally these were just to improve my form," Carin says. "But when I found out they had a team I had to be on it."

On it she went, and into subjunior competition as a freestyler. At 10 she was given the backstroke by her instructor, Mrs. Marie Giardine, who was partial to it. "She was a very bright girl," Mrs. Giardine says. "If you told her something once she would never forget it."

By 1955, at the age of 15, Carin was the best female backstroker in the country, a fact she proved by winning both backstroke races in the AAU outdoor meet. A year later she swept all of the AAU backstroke championships, outdoors and in. It was an Olympic year. Not since 1932, when the glamourous Eleanor Holm (who also trained at the WSA pool) won, had an American girl swum backward fast enough to become an Olympic champion.



PIG-TAILED Carin was a rising swimmer at 10, and had the medals to prove it.

Carin came agonizingly close at Melbourne. All six watches caught the New Jersey girl and England's Judy Grinham in exactly 1:12.9. After much talk, the judges decided for Judy. Had the decision been reversed Carin almost certainly would have retired from world class competition. There was no higher goal to seek. She could have ended her year-round training grind. She could have turned to ice skating and tennis—sports which she likes but has had to pass up because they would make a mess of her swimming form. Instead, Carin settled down to four more years of training, revealing a depth of determination worthy of a Ted Williams after the batting title or a Maurice Richard after goals. "It won't happen again," she said the other day, referring to her loss at Melbourne, and it was hard to believe it would.

In the fall of 1958 Carin enrolled at the University of Houston. She went there for one reason, to swim for Hansel. Hansel, Carin had observed, was one of the few topflight college coaches who took women swimmers seriously.

"He was one of the most sincere people I met at the nationals," she says. "Besides, he smiled. A lot of coaches don't seem to be able to do that."

Hansel had come to Houston from Portland, Oregon the year before to start a swimming team from scratch. He had only an outdoor pool to work

with at the university, but he was an indefatigable recruiter. When Carin arrived at the start of his second season, Hansel had no fewer than 30 men and four other girls on his roster.

They all received a nasty surprise at Christmastime in 1958 when the university decided that it could not afford the team after all, abruptly let Hansel go and left the swimmers adrift. Most of them transferred to other schools, and in the national collegiates last month three of the transferees scored 22 points, winning one first, one third, three fourths and one fifth place.

Unable to find another collegiate coaching job, Hansel decided to stay on in Houston. He now manages the Shamrock Hilton hotel's splendid 55-yard outdoor pool, gives lessons and sells securities on the side.

THE GIRLS GO ALONG

Carin and her roommate, Brenda Dietz (Eileen Murphy hadn't yet come to Houston), decided to string along with Hansel. On a two-sessions-a-day schedule Carin swam from three to three and a half miles a day.

Through spring and summer Carin was unbeatable. First, she swept the indoor AAU backstroke championships. During the summer vacation she stayed on at Houston, living in a guest house at the Hansels' suburban home. In July she starred in the AAU outdoor meet, setting a world record for the 220-yard backstroke, and in September completed her finest competitive season by winning her 100-meter race in the Pan American Games, then driving to a world record of 1:11.4 for the same distance on her leg of the medley relay.

The best account of those days is in Carin's diary, which she has kept for years. Of July 17, date of the 220-yard AAU outdoor race, she wrote: "I took the lead from the start and did as Phill told me. I kept saying, 'I'm not tired, I'm not tired,' and I sprinted in and out of my turns. I won the darn thing in 2:37.9. It's a world record. . . . Golly, that 37.9 sounds so much better than a 38 flat."

On July 19: "I won the 110 in 1:13.3. I hadn't set a world record so I wasn't at all pleased that I had set an American record."

On September 6, date of the Pan American races: "It was a beautiful day, and I felt good when I woke up

continued



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. . . powerful. The day was mine. I kidded around all morning long. Phill sat with me before I awam, and he could see how keyed up I was. . . . I went out ahead in the 100 [meters], but I got choppy in the second lap. I just kept pulling through. I won in 1:12.2. Ugh. Our medley relay went wild. I went 1:11.4, a world record."

As the fall semester opened and the days grew cool, Hansel was out hunting for a training pool. In November he got Carin into the small, 20-yard heated outdoor pool of the Shakespeare Swim Club. On November 5, Carin wrote in her diary:

"Swimming was really exciting. It was awfully cold, especially in the dressing room-without-a-roof. The water was nice and warm, though, and I enjoyed swimming; we did a mile and a half, and I did the first part freestyle. It wasn't too bad except at the last when I had to swim backstroke. My nose froze from one end to the other; it would just about get all thawed out during the turns. Then it would freeze again. Phill bravely stood by the edge of the pool and held our beach towels for us."

Hansel did better than that. By mid-February he had Carin indoors —for an hour and a half on weekday mornings at the Pasadena school and another hour and a half in late afternoon at a high school in another suburb of Bellaire, 30 minutes from the university in the opposite direction from Pasadena. There was a lot of commuting to be done, but no longer did Carin and the other aquatic gypsies, Brenda and Eileen, have to shiver when a Texas norther blew in.

On the day of Carin's quiz Phill Hansel joined a visitor in a late breakfast. He ate sparingly and spoke warmly of his protégée.

"This may sound corny," he said, "but if there was ever an all-American girl, she's Carin Cone. I knew her first when I coached another girl, Maureen Murphy (no kin to Eileen), who was trying to beat Carin. I was just a little concerned when Carin told me she wanted to swim for me. She was already a star, of course. In five minutes she removed the slightest doubt about her attitude. She is not a prima donna. From the time she landed here it was, 'You're the coach,' and 'Whatever you say.'



ATTENTIVE IN SMALL CLASS, CARIN TRADES IDEAS WITH INSTRUCTOR AT HOUSTON.

"Naturally I'm a little unhappy about all this jumping about from one pool to another, but I'm not one who subscribes to the theory that the workouts are a lot of unpleasantness or a lot of sacrifice. We don't take it so seriously that we tie ourselves up in knots over it."

Later in the day Carin dropped in at the home of her "foster family," the William Bakers. (Hansel, who had managed to round up his team for Houston with hardly a Texan on it, had thoughtfully arranged for homes away from home for his swimmers.) Finding no one in, Carin helped herself to a couple of scoops of ice cream from the refrigerator and plopped down on a couch.

She dispatched the ice cream and talked matter-of-factly about her life

in swimming. Despite the training routine, she said, she had time to date and dance, to see an occasional movie and spin a Frank Sinatra record on her phonograph. She was unself-consciously proud of having been voted one of the 10 "most beautiful" girls on campus.

She was rather more proud of her swimming records, and not amused by the memory of a wire-service reporter who, boning up on her career at the Pan American Games, told her he guessed she was "the female Frank McKinney." McKinney is a tremendous backstroke man at Indiana University, and Carin told the reporter she guessed he was right. Thinking it over at the Bakers', she sat up a little straighter and blurted out, "But I want to be *me*."

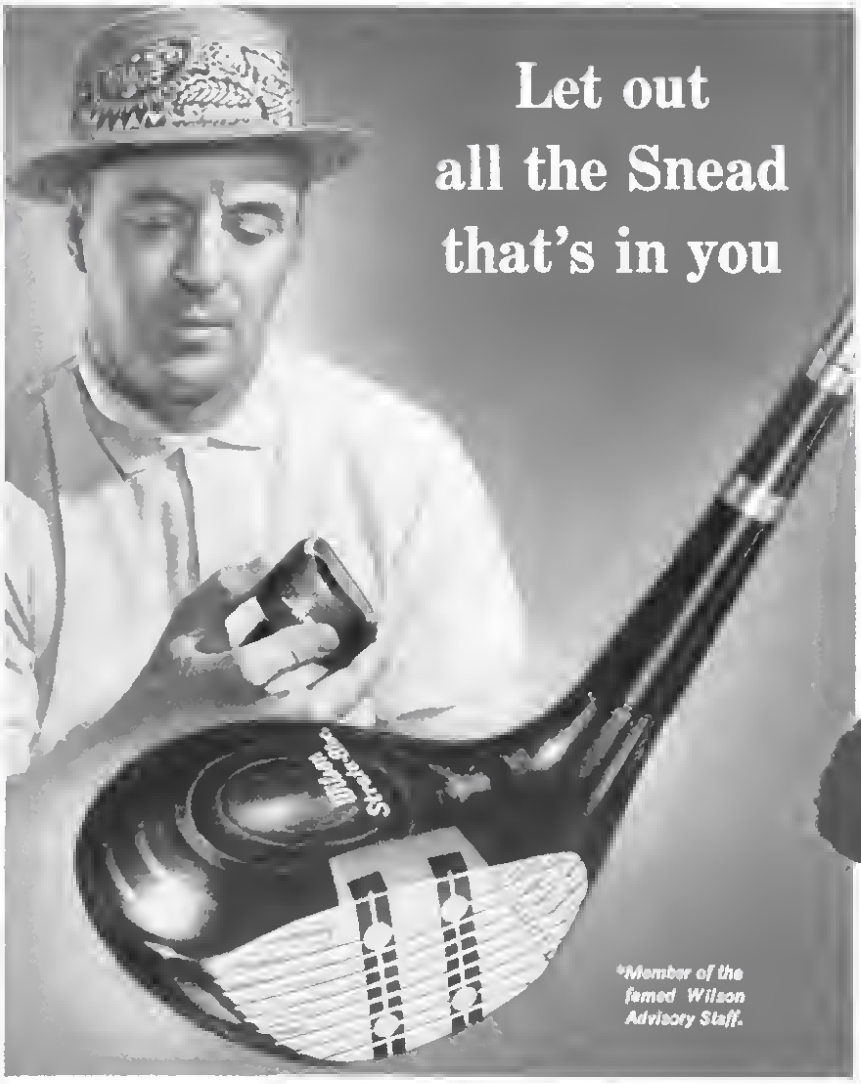


WHERE SHE HAS STRAIGHT A AVERAGE

By and by the Bakers came in and were delighted to see Carin. There wasn't much time to chat. With a national meet just around the corner, the Roman meet of meets on the horizon and the probability of stiff opposition from Backstrokers Lyn Burke and Christine Kluter of the U.S., and Margaret Edwards of Britain, Carin considered every workout vital. She left soon to report for her afternoon stint.

A spectator watching Carin's trim, black-clad figure moving powerfully back and forth, on and on, found himself meditating on the 11 years this girl had been in competition and on an innocent remark she had made earlier in the day.

"I wonder," she said, "what you do in a pool just for fun." END



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Photographed by Richard Meek

Old Man River's Own Riviera

Spring has come to the Mississippi delta to awaken a lovely resort area



FROM Gulfport to Pass Christian, from Bay St. Louis to Biloxi and the backland bayous, wherever the soft winds blow, the winter was over last week along the 28-mile stretch of Mississippi beach front otherwise known as the Rebel Riviera. Spring had flushed the first travelers from the northland homes, and they lolled around the moss-shaded pools of the svelte motels and the flat expanse of white sand that runs alongside Route 90, the Old Spanish Trail. Pumped out of the sea in one year, 1950, it bleached in the sun in three weeks, is now white and inviting, the longest man-made beach in the world.

In the sea around it men use hand tongs to work the oyster beds. Net throwers cast for mullet, which is good for eating and known as Biloxi bacon. At night, sportsmen with flaming torches wade out for crab and others gig for flounder, sluffing carefully along the sea bottom to avoid putting a foot on a sting ray. Excursion boats splutter out for the surf bathing at Ship Island, discovered by the French in 1699 and later owned by the British, Spaniards, the Confederacy and the United States. Seaplanes lift sports fishermen to the shoals off Chandeleur Islands to walk in knee-deep water in search of redfish and speckled sea trout spotted from the air. Bass, bream, shell crackers and crappie run in the bayous in spring, and later, as the waters turn brackish, speckled trout, flounder, redfish and croakers.

The smell of paint perfumes the docks at the 60-year-old Biloxi Yacht Club, where a membership costs $36 a year and the club-owned fisher-class boats are raced in summer eliminations in preparation for the Lipton Cup Labor Day playoffs. The quiet summer will come soon to the lovely old mansion called Beauvoir, where Jefferson Davis came to live after the war. Soon there will be a curious climber or two up in the shoofly, an antique latticed tree refuge where one could catch the summer breeze and escape the sand flies. Some visitor will ask about the days when the Mud Hens came down from Toledo with Casey Stengel to train at Biloxi, and there will be a traveler or two who will look in at Mississippi City, the original resort of the Gulf Coast, where the New Orleans steamboats came to the piers in 1882 loaded with spectators to watch John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan have at each other in front of the old Barnes Hotel, now a ruin and overgrown with weeds.

The steamers come no more, but if the cars whiz now along the Old Spanish Trail, past the gleaming motels and pools, the old ways are not forgotten. Gulf gumbo still simmers in the pots, and no one has forgotten how to stuff a flounder. Cedars and castor-oil bushes cushion the old clapboard houses, and the same old solitude hangs heavy in the bayous where the fish are jumping and the pines and pecans grow.

—HORACE SUTTON

ON SOFT SAND BEACHES of the Gulf Coast children and adults can swing in the warm sun or walk the water's edge or fish from piers. Hotels and motels, like the White House in Biloxi (*opposite*), offer everything from pools to golf courses with the leisurely hospitality of the South.



FISHERMEN find peace and plenty everywhere at hand on the meandering rivers, creeks and inlets of Biloxi's lovely bayou country. This party is out for black bass and perch in quiet, tree-hung waters flowing through characteristic landscape of oak and pine.



◀ **WATER SCOOTERS** buzz like little bugs across the bayous and lagoons of the Gulf Hills Country Club and Dude Ranch, providing visitors with lively variation on water sports theme. The villa in the background is typical of club's guest accommodations.

GOLFERS AND RIDERS come together at the green of the Gulf Hills club's 17th hole, where riding trail meets the links. Trails and fairways, cut through the woods, are riotous in spring with colorful blooms of azaleas and dogwood and other flowering shrubs.









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The sound barriers

At first glance, the qualifying marks for the Olympics seem arbitrary—but they are fair

TOM MURPHY is a very large, very strong half-miler who is worried. He is probably the best half-miler in the United States, but two weeks ago he checked his local newspaper—a New York paper—and found that Ernie Cunliffe of Stanford had run a 1:47.3 half-mile. That meant that Cunliffe had qualified for the Olympics, although he still must place first, second or third in the U.S. Olympic trials in July.

"Tom's a little frantic now," said George Eastment, Murphy's coach while he was at Manhattan College. "It will be late May before the tracks in the East are fast enough for Tom to run under 1:49.2. That's the Olympic qualifying time, and Tom is better than that, but he's impatient. All of our athletes want to qualify so they can concentrate on making the Olympic team."

The qualifying times that our track men are concerned with (*see box*) are something new for the Olympics. For the first time, an athlete must prove that he can turn in a performance of international caliber.

"We had to do it," says Pincus Sober, who is one of the U.S. delegates on the international governing body of track and field sports. "More and more independent nations are being created, and each of these nations wants to be represented in the Olympics. But only so many athletes can be accommodated. So we decided after the 1956 Olympics to limit the competition. Of course, for the prestige of the new nations we had to allow one man from each country in each event, regardless of his performance. So what we did was to give

continued

OLYMPIC QUALIFYING STANDARDS

Olympic event	Olympic record	Qualifying mark*	No. U.S. qualifiers to date
100 METERS	10.3	10.4	8
200 METERS	20.6	21.3	20
400 METERS	45.9	47.3	6
800 METERS	1:47.7	1:49.2	1
1,500 METERS	3:41.2	3:45.0	0
5,000 METERS	13:39.6	14:10.0	0
10,000 METERS	28:45.6	29:40.0	0
110-METER HURDLES	13.5	14.4	13
400-METER HURDLES	50.1	52.2	2
3,000-METER STEEPLECHASE	8:41.2	8:55.0	0
HIGH JUMP	6 FT. 11¼ IN.	6 FT. 8¾ IN.	10
BROAD JUMP	26 FT. 5⅜ IN.	24 FT. 7¼ IN.	10
POLE VAULT	14 FT. 11½ IN.	14 FT. 5¼ IN.	23
HOP, STEP AND JUMP	53 FT. 7½ IN.	51 FT. 2 IN.	1
SHOTPUT	60 FT. 11 IN.	55 FT. 9¼ IN.	13
DISCUS THROW	184 FT. 10½ IN.	173 FT. 10½ IN.	3
HAMMER THROW	207 FT. 3½ IN.	203 FT. 5 IN.	0
JAVELIN	281 FT. 2 IN.	251 FT.	2
DECATHLON	7,937 points	6,750 points	1

**Athletes qualify for Olympics if they meet standards in equivalent English distances. Example: for 100 meters, a 9.5 100-yard dash; for 1,500 meters, a 4:02 mile; and so on.*

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every nation the right to one competitor in each event. But for a nation that wants to be truly competitive in an event—enter two men or the maximum of three—all of the entrants must be able to meet the qualifying requirements."

These qualifying requirements were decided upon by a committee of the International Amateur Athletic Federation. They may seem unreasonably stiff for the U.S. in the longer races, but they are well chosen and intelligent qualifications. The U.S. does *not* ordinarily have runners of international caliber in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races, and there is, truly, no point in sending three completely outclassed competitors to Rome. On the other hand, the U.S. could very likely finish one-two-three-four-five-six in the shotput and the pole vault, but we are allowed only three entrants. The shotput and the pole vault qualifying marks are ridiculously low by our standards, but consider what would happen if the IAAF had set them to conform with U.S. performances: say 60 feet in the shot and 15 feet in the vault. We would still qualify three men in each event, but the rest of the world would qualify only two or three.

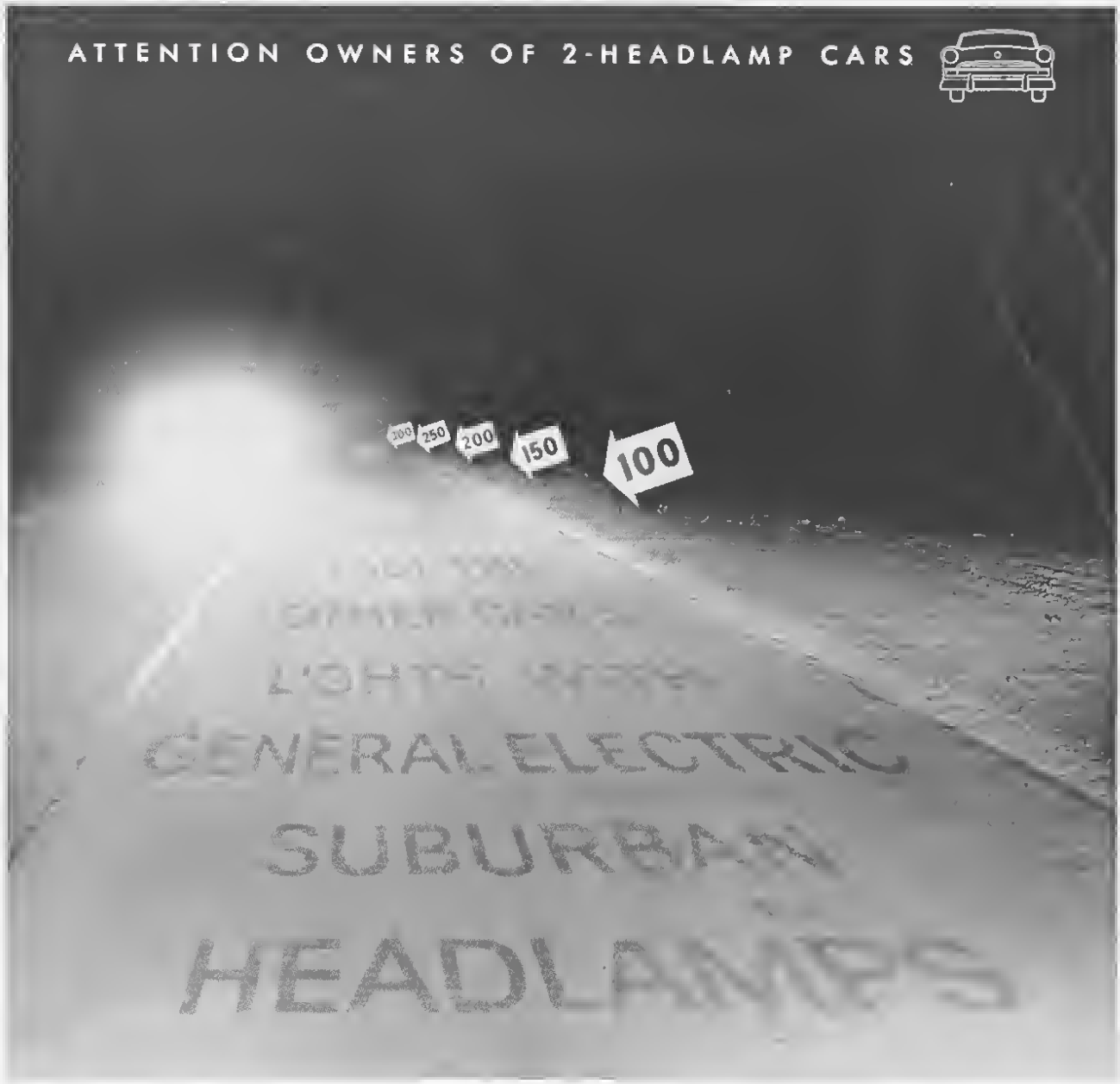
Actually, the fact that the U.S. as of now has not qualified anyone in the longer races may be beneficial.

LONG-RANGE HELP

There are many young runners in the U.S. who hanker to make the Olympic team. When they see the qualifying times and heights and distances, and the number of U.S. athletes who meet the qualifying standards—the plethora in the short distances and in certain field events, and the paucity elsewhere—it will become obvious to them that the golden opportunity for the young American competitors is in events like the steeplechase, the longer races, the hop, step and jump. Logically, then, we will have fine young athletes who wanted to compete in the 400 meters or the broad jump or the metric mile changing to events in which their Olympic chances are better.

If enough of them follow this line of reasoning the U.S. may eventually produce, for the first time in track history, quantities of topflight competitors in *every* event. **END**

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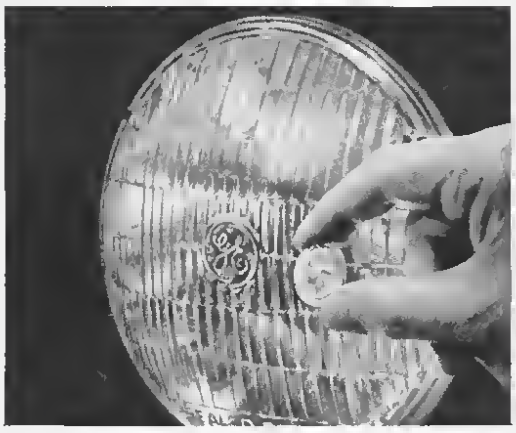
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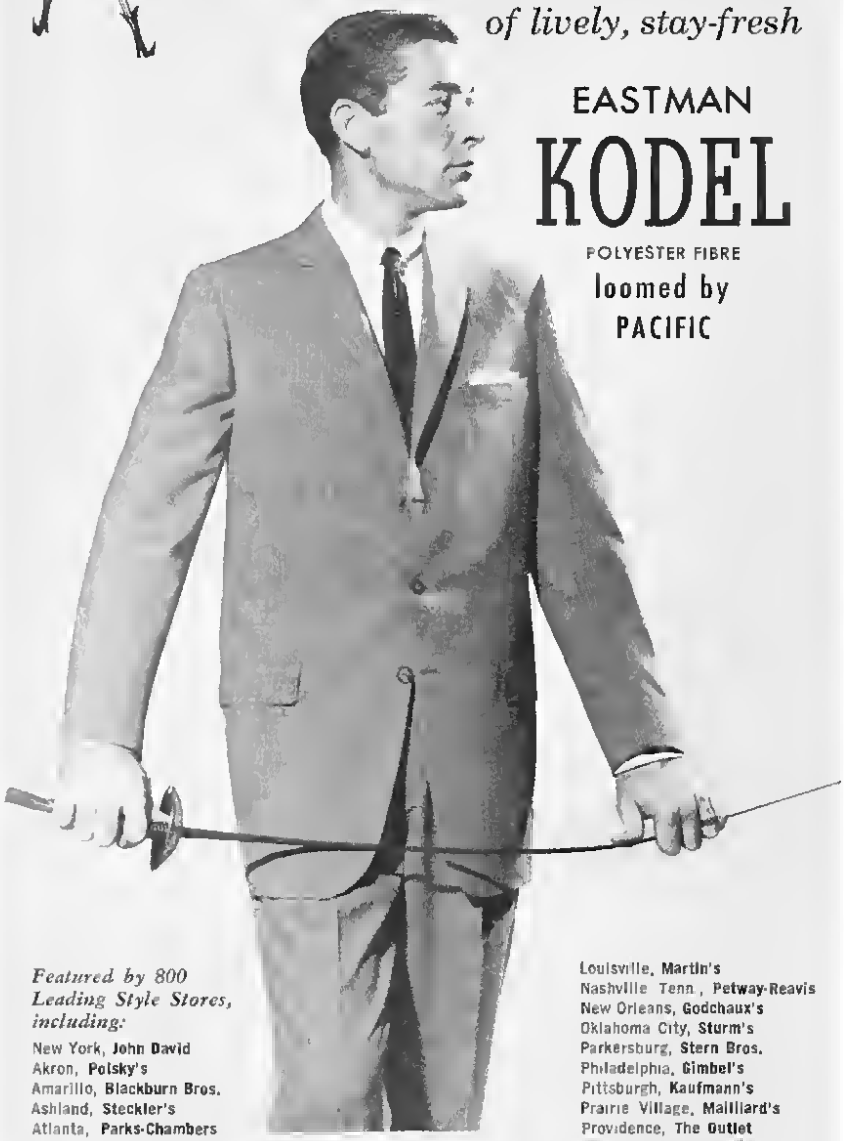


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BASKETBALL / *William Leggett*

'Cooz' and the Celtics

Once again Bob Cousy rose to the occasion and led Boston to the NBA championship

THE seventh and last game of the National Basketball Association championship was over, and many in the crowd of 14,000 at the Boston Garden spilled out onto the court to slap backs, muss hair and hoist assorted heroes aloft. There were any number of Boston Celtic heroes to be borne upon the shoulders of the crowd, but who would be the first? It could have been Bill Russell, who had pulled down 35 rebounds in the Celtics' 122–103 final victory last week over the St. Louis Hawks. It could have been Frank Ramsey or Tom Heinsohn, or Sam Jones, all of whom had played tremendously. Any of these would have been a valid choice.

This crowd, however, knew who would be lifted first. It had to be "The Cooz." The Cooz had been so good against the bigger men, a marvelous hummingbird among the gangling ostriches. So they grabbed Bob Cousy, and up he went. They marched him around the arena in a giant circle. He waved his arms. He laughed. He cried. Among those applauding him the loudest were the Celtics.

Just five days earlier, when the Celtics had faltered in their drive to win their third professional basketball championship in four years, Bob Cousy had blamed himself for the showing of his team. After hitting the basket 10 times in 23 attempts in Boston's opening 140–122 victory

over the Hawks, Cousy's hand had suddenly gone cold. In the next three games he sank only seven of 46 shots, and his passing was sloppy. "I'm ruining this playoff," he said after St. Louis had evened the series at two games apiece. "I'm playing flat-footed. I can't seem to get on my toes. If things don't come back I'm going to bench myself."

But in the fifth game the magic returned, and Cousy scored 21 points to lead the Celtics to a 127–102 win. Boston had a 3 to 2 advantage in the playoffs as the two teams met in Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis for the sixth game. Cousy played a good first half, getting 15 points and keeping the Celtics within two points (54–52) of the Hawks. In the third period, however, Cousy and his teammates could do nothing right, the Hawks nothing wrong. St. Louis pulled away to a 90–64 lead. Boston rallied, closing to within two points near the finish, but Sihugo Green sank a foul shot with eight seconds left and St. Louis had tied the series at 3 to 3. Cousy had not scored a point in the second half.

ONE MORE CHANCE

After the game he sat glumly in the Celtic dressing room. "Here we go," he said. "One more game. Dammit, we won more games this year during the regular season [59 of 75] than any team in the history of this league, and we still aren't champions." He thought a minute and then spoke. "Do not worry," he said slowly. "I'll be ready for that final game and we'll be ready, and St. Louis had better look out."

Cousy called it. In that last game he drove in under the basket time and again. He dribbled slowly, deftly, deliberately, waiting for the openings through which to fire his precise passes. He scored from far out and from close in. At times he even rebounded with the big men, looking like a small boy climbing a trellis. Cousy pushed his team to a 70–53 half-time lead, and there seemed no point in playing the second half. He ended with 19 points and 14 assists, Boston had its championship, the Celtics had proved again that they were the finest basketball team ever assembled, and Bob Cousy had demonstrated, for what must have been the thousandth time, that among all these fine players he was still the very finest. END

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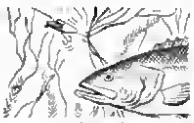
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Fast horses and smart men

No record is safe as they set out to make 1960 a season to remember in harness racing

WHILE the promoters of other American sports like baseball, football and basketball still circle warily around the prospects of expansion, harness racing continues to grow vigorously in all directions. Last year's big moves were Roosevelt Raceway's ambitious entry into the international arena, and the opening of the world's first one-mile track for night racing at Suffolk Downs in Boston. Both were spectacularly successful.

This year's big news is the opening of Pennsylvania—hitherto a nonracing state—to parimutuel betting on trotters and pacers. Governor David Lawrence has signed the bill authorizing this, and next week, in a statewide referendum, it will be decided where four new tracks will be located.

The governor, a Democrat, must be congratulated for going outside his party in choosing Lawrence Sheppard, a Republican, as state commissioner. Too often in the U.S., the appointment of a trotting commissioner has been handled as a political plum. Indeed, Sheppard is the first trotting commissioner chosen in recent years who is an authority on the sport he will administer—a revolutionary idea, forsooth. Most get the job as a result of party loyalty and are obliged to learn something about the sport after they take office.

The season ahead promises to be memorable for many reasons. For the first time in 20-odd years, there is

every prospect that the two most significant records in the sport will be broken—the 1:55 pacing mark for the mile set by Billy Direct in 1938 and the 1:55 1/4 trotting standard set by Greyhound the same year. Until two weeks ago it appeared that four pacers were taking dead aim at Billy Direct's standard—Bullet Hanover, Adios Butler, Shadow Wave and Bye Bye Byrd. But now we have a likely fifth. On April 2, at Santa Anita, with scarcely any competition to urge him on (he won by five lengths), Widower Creed raced the mile in 1:56 4/5 to become the third-fastest pacer of all time. This is truly remarkable time for so early in the campaign.

GROWN-UP BYE BYE

Of the other four, Bye Bye Byrd probably has the best chance of beating the record. Last year Bye Bye never once had the advantage of racing on a mile track, but he beat every horse thrown against him, became the fastest half-mile-track pacer in history (at 1:57 4/5), earned more money in one season and now has more two-minute miles to his credit than any other standardbred—all this as a 4-year-old. Now 5 and fully mature, he will undoubtedly be sent out on a few mile tracks by Trainer Clint Hodgins in an attempt to crown a great career with a successful assault on the durable 1:55 mark. He opens his campaign this Saturday at Roosevelt in the first of the year's major free-for-all events and, appropriately, his chief competition will come from Widower Creed.

Of the other record-breaking candidates, Johnny Simpson's Bullet Hanover rates special consideration. Big, powerful and sure-gaited, he raced two heats as a 2-year-old (at Indianapolis last season) faster than any 3-year-old has ever gone, a remarkable achievement.

Among the trotters, two of the best —Billy Haughton's Charming Barbara and Dick Buxton's Senator Frost—have already turned in startling performances. Both have trotted two-minute miles at Santa Anita; old-timers cannot recall such a feat being previously accomplished before early September. With Trader Horn also training well, these three are now the outstanding candidates to represent the U.S. in the second International, to be raced August 20 at Roosevelt.

continued



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France's Jamin intends to be back to defend his International title in that race, and there is every likelihood that a Russian trotter, Prijatel, will also compete. After the International, Roosevelt will send the entire field to Rome for a second meeting during the Olympic program there, and then the same group of horses will go to Moscow for a third International.

New York's Yonkers Raceway has now entered this field too, with an international pacing series to be raced in June. Handicapped by the fact that Europeans do not conduct events for pacers, Yonkers has assembled a field of American, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand horses for its series. The best of the foreigners appears to be New Zealand's Caduceus, who won the Inter-Dominion championship in Sydney last month and has been timed for the mile, from a standing start, in 1:57⅞, good enough to beat most Americans. While all efforts to stimulate worldwide competition are surely commendable, it must be said that this international business could easily get out of hand. Too many alleged "world championship" events would confuse the racing public and kill the whole idea before it gets firmly established in our regular seasonal program.

Early consideration of the contenders in trotting's top classic—the Hambletonian—is extremely hazardous this year. Blaze Hanover, Prince Jamie, Uncle Sam, Carlene Hanover and Elaine Rodney are among the outstanding eligibles, with Blaze the favorite here. Trainer Joe O'Brien has an intriguing problem with this colt. O'Brien has trained three horses with the same bloodlines as Blaze—Bond, Butch and Brogue Hanover—and all three were superb 2-year-olds who fell victim to mysterious ailments that incapacitated them in their Hambletonian years as 3-year-olds. Many experts insist it is a family weakness to which Blaze will prove no exception. But Blaze demonstrated extraordinary strength and gameness last year. He came away from a bad accident on the track early in the season with scars, stitches and bruises over all four legs and two weeks later was again racing in top form. If courage and expert training can turn the trick, Blaze is the trotter to break his family's 3-year-old jinx. **END**

Temple's temper

It has been red-hot in the past, but now he promises to be a perfect gentleman

JOHNNY TEMPLE has thinning black hair, bushy eyebrows and a mean temper, so that most of the time he looks as cheerful as a dark cloud. Temple is known as one of baseball's angrier young men, a baseline fist fighter with a history of unscheduled one-rounders that include teammates, opponents and, once, a sportswriter.

"That *was* Temple," Temple himself will tell you in his carefully chosen prose. "But not any more. For the last two years, ever since my fight with Earl Lawson [the sportswriter], I've kept my temper under control. I'll admit it's been hard at times, but I've done it. The umpires know this, and Earl and I have remained good friends. But the reputation lingers on."

Last winter Temple was traded to the Cleveland Indians after eight years as an outstanding second baseman for Cincinnati. To him the change of leagues—from National to American—is a challenge, not so much as a player, for there is little doubt he will perform as brilliantly in one league as he did in the other, but as a personality. It is Temple's hope that in time he will be recognized as a leader, the type of player other players just naturally seek out for advice. Temple feels that this type of player is very important to a team.

"No one will ever know how much

continued

JOHNNY TEMPLE HOPES TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF AS CLEVELAND'S LEADER





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Pee Wee Reese meant to the Dodgers," Temple said one day this spring in Arizona. "He was the best leader I ever saw. He could walk into a bar at curfew time and tell a group of players it was time to turn in; and do it in such a way that no one felt as if he was being ordered around. On the field he was a steadying influence on all the players, especially the young ones. I wanted to be that in Cincinnati, but most of the guys had seen me blow up too often. I mean, a player who slugs a sportswriter can't very well command the respect of the other players."

Now, in a new league, Temple has a chance to start over again. He has joined a team that narrowly missed winning the championship last year, missed, for one reason, because of a poor infield. "Defense cost us the pennant," Joe Gordon told a group of sportswriters in Arizona. The manager then rolled off a list of felonies committed by the Indians, each of which had cost the team a game. When he mentioned second base he said: "There was no one play; it was just all season long. At least that's one problem we won't have this year, not with him around."

Him, of course, is Temple, short and wiry, capable of making all the plays a good second baseman should. He is equally good at the plate, a singles hitter, but a consistent one. He can bunt, hit-and-run, draw a walk, and he's regarded as a tough man in the clutch. With Temple around, the once-weak Cleveland infield has become strong, but to get him the Indians had to give up Cal McLish, their best pitcher.

"That puts the pressure on me," said Temple. "You know, I've received more publicity from this trade than for anything I did during my years with Cincinnati. That's O.K., of course. A good press helps any player, makes money for him. But it also makes it tough. Now everybody up in Cleveland is going to show up at the ball park saying, 'Well, let's see how good this guy is.' I know one thing. I'm not going to be able to make up the 19 games that McLish won. I'm going to help this club, but I won't be able to point to 19 games and say, 'I won these.'"

Sensitive about being a replacement for the team's best pitcher and

aware of his reputation as a hothead, Temple began his career with the Indians cautiously. When he reported to the clubhouse in Tucson on the first day of spring training, he went directly to his locker, instead of circulating around the room like a visiting statesman. One by one the Cleveland players came up and introduced themselves.

"It was several days before any of them included me in on the clubhouse kidding," he said. "They probably thought I'd take a swing at them. But we ballplayers are a breed. It didn't take too long before I became one of the group."

Still, Temple does not feel he has reached the stage of acceptance on the team where he can take charge.

"I saw an outfielder overthrow a cut-off man the other day. Now that's a cardinal sin. Somebody should tell him about it, but it shouldn't be me."

WOODIE'S THROW

"All I've done so far is try to help out some of the younger players. Take Woodie Held, our shortstop. Now a player with as much experience as I've had just has to pass it along to a young player like Woodie. I owe that to the team. I'd never seen Woodie play before this spring. All I knew about him was that he was a converted outfielder, and I'd seen that type before. But Woodie surprised me. He's agile, and he has a great arm. He's going to be a very good shortstop.

"I noticed one little thing when we started working together. He liked to take the second baseman's throw on the double play from behind the bag. He'd catch it as he came across the bag, turn and throw to first. I pointed out that if he hit the inside of the bag instead and took my toss backhanded, he could throw without turning. Just a little thing, but it should help."

Held has not resented such suggestions. "It should be great playing all year next to a guy like Johnny," he said. "A fellow with as little experience as I have has to benefit from it."

In one exhibition game this spring Mudcat Grant, a young Indian pitcher, had to face the Giants' dangerous Willie Kirkland, with men on base. Temple trotted in to the mound to advise Grant to keep the ball low. Grant replied that Kirkland was a low-ball hitter.

continued



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"That shows Mudcat was thinking out there," said Temple later. "But I told him that with those men on base he'd *have* to keep the ball low, and that he'd just have to prove that he was a better low-ball pitcher than Kirkland was a low-ball hitter. What happened? He struck him out on a high fast ball. Sometimes we're not as smart as we think.

"People have asked me how much I know about the hitters in the American League. Not much, believe me. Nevertheless, in baseball, some things apply, no matter what league you're in, even Little League. If a left-handed batter is up, with a man on second and no one out, I'm sure going to remind that pitcher to buzz the ball outside to keep the batter from pulling and moving the runner to third."

NICE BIG PARKS

"One nice thing about moving into the American League is that the parks are bigger. I'm a singles hitter, so the bigger the park, the more area I have for hits. And I've checked with the American League umpires—very nicely—about their strike zones. They really aren't any different from those in the National League. There are a couple of problems, however. It will take me a while to learn the motions of the pitchers. Until I do, every game will seem like the All-Star Game. It will also take a while to learn the hitters and where to play them. Until then I'll have to rely on the advice of others."

There is one other problem Johnny Temple will surely encounter—General Manager Frank Lane yelling at his players from the grandstand. ("Can you hear him in the dugout?" one Indian said in reply to a question. "You can hear him everywhere.")

"I'm ready for it," Temple said with a rare smile. "I'm not going to let him upset me. Once the game starts, he's just a fan. If he meant all the things he said, he wouldn't have you on the club."

If Temple is able to ignore the angry barbs of Frank Lane, it will be final proof that he has mastered his once-terrible temper and that he is ready to assume the responsibilities of a leader. If, on the other hand, the barbs become too much for Johnny Temple, Mr. Lane had better be prepared to duck. **END**



Tip from the Top

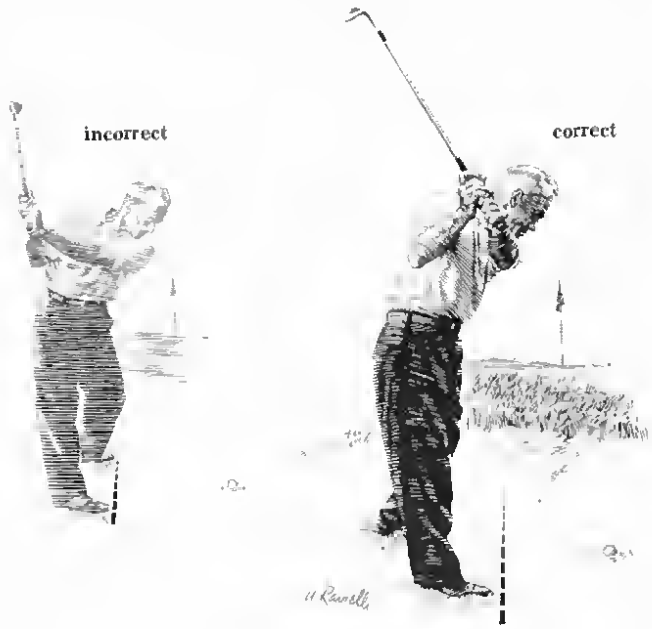
FRED NOVAK, *St. Andrews Golf Club, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

Open stance on bunker shots

COMPARE the way a good player and a mediocre one handle their sand shots, and you will see quite a difference. So often, when I am playing a round with members who score in the 90s, a player who misplays his first shot in a bunker will go on and miss his next four or five bunker shots. If weekend golfers would learn how to blast the ball out of a trap, there is no knowing the amount of grief and the number of strokes they would save themselves.

Their trouble begins when they position themselves in a bunker as if they were going to hit a fairway shot. In a sand trap a square stance is ruinous. It encourages taking the club back too much on the inside, and it leads the player into a bigger pivot than the shot calls for. He comes into the ball with too flat a swing. As a result, he generally lines the ball well over the green or, in an attempt to avoid this extreme error, he purposely babies the shot and often doesn't manage to get the ball out of the hazard.

In a bunker it is best to use an open stance, advancing the right foot four or five inches nearer the ball than the left. The stance restricts the pivot and assists the player in taking the club straight up and straight down. This is what the shot calls for. It is strictly a firm left-arm shot. You don't sweep the ball out of a bunker. You want to take your wedge straight up and then straight down, a little outside-in if anything. Then you want to spank the sand an inch or a little more behind the ball. It is the sand that ejects the ball.



NEXT TIP: *Blanche Sohl on achieving maximum speed at impact*

AMAZING GOLF INVENTION

NOW... A NEW GOLF CLUB TO REDUCE YOUR SCORE!

It's "Little Woodie"—a different kind of golf club—a wood club for *approaching* the green—with a new device designed for accuracy. This remarkable new club has a wood head with the loft of an *eight* iron! The steel shaft is the *same length* as your eight iron.

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Send today for detailed information. "Little Woodie" is made by one of the finest golf-club manufacturers in America, yet it is reasonably priced. Today take advantage of this opportunity to learn more about this stroke-saving *approach* wood.

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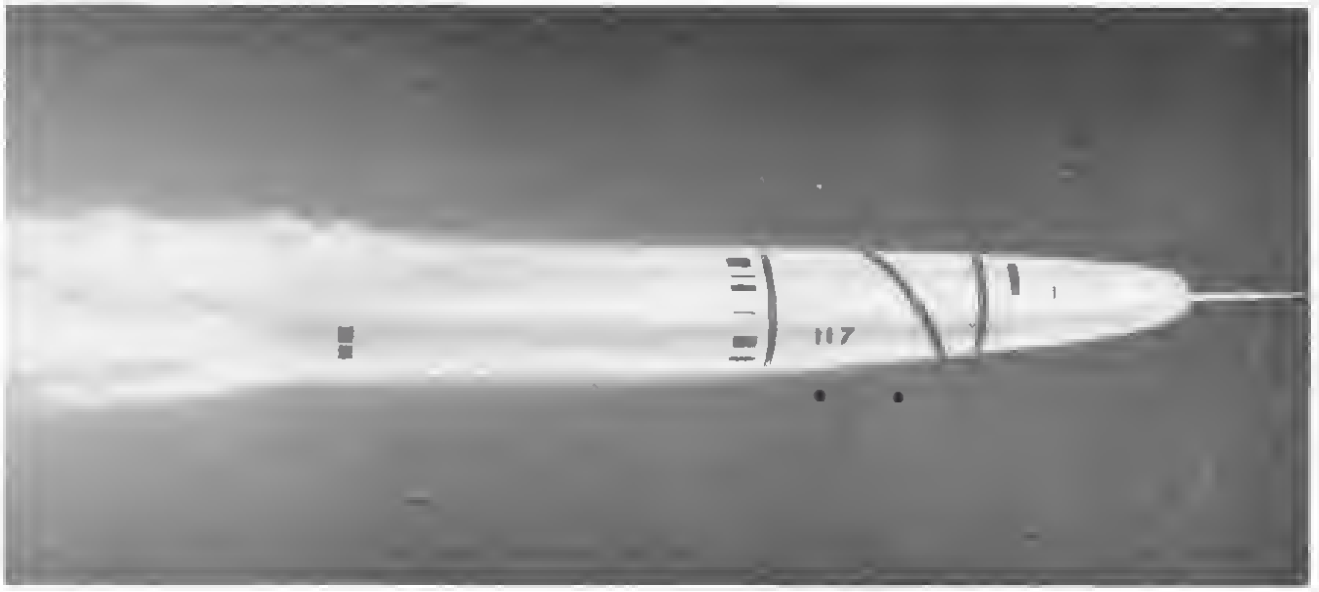


Some things go farther



...but no other

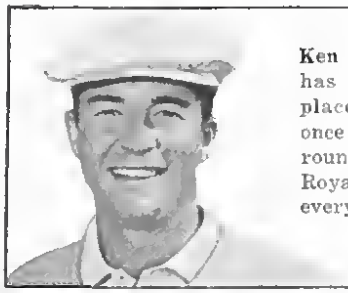
Some rockets, we concede, outrange the U.S. Royal Special. But you have the word of the world's largest golf ball manufacturer, based on advanced golf ball research, that no other golf ball goes farther off the tee. That no other golf ball is more accurate or more durable. That no other golf ball is whiter, or *stays* whiter, thanks to new "U.S." Ultra-White paint. U.S. Royals are available only at your professional's shop...see him before your next round!



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United States Rubber



CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

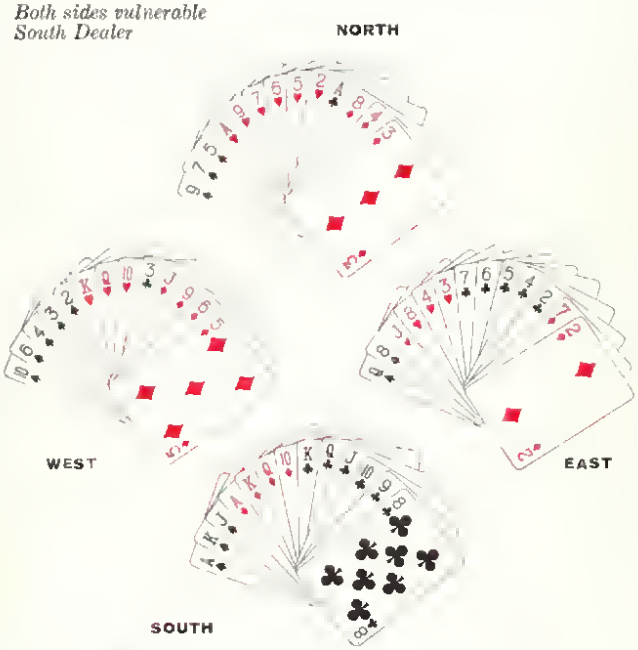
A waiter's dividend

SOONER OR LATER almost every successful player publishes a bridge book. Harry Fishbein is the rare exception who postponed his debut as an author for nearly a generation after he introduced his own convention for coping with preemptive bids. (Briefly: A double is for penalties; the bid asking for partner to take out is the cheapest possible suit overcall—for example three diamonds over three clubs.)

I am not going to review *The Fishbein Convention*, published this week; I am going to review the author.

It is rare that a sexagenarian can stay at the top of his game; yet at 61, "Fishy" captained the U.S. team in the 1959 world championship. Outside of his convention, flashy berets are his trade mark; he has more than 200 of them. He is one of the world's best bridge players, and if you don't believe me, study this hand:

Both sides vulnerable
South Dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2♣	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♦	PASS	4♥	PASS
6♣	PASS	7♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, heart king

The bidding is straightforward enough to require little explanation. South's strong opening two-bid of course showed a powerful holding. North, possessed of a six-card suit and two aces, was amply justified in his positive response.

South, Fishbein, was quite uninterested in North's hearts, which he did not expect to be solid, but he assumed that North would furnish a trick somewhere, to enable him to bring home a slam in clubs.

Look at it from North's viewpoint. His partner, by leaping to six clubs, had contracted to lose no more than one trick. And North had in his hand the one card which surely South must be figuring to lose—the ace of trumps. So North allowed that card to nudge him into the grand slam.

The heart opening presented Fishbein with an opportunity for an immediate discard. His hand was solid with the exception of the jack of spades and the 10 of diamonds. Which would you discard?

Mathematically, the choice is clear-cut. There is a better chance of dropping the jack of diamonds in three leads than of dropping the queen of spades or of winning a finesse for that card. So if you discarded the jack of spades on dummy's ace of hearts you would apparently be playing the percentages.

However, you would lose your grand slam!

Fishbein made it by postponing his decision until he had acquired a little more information and given himself that vital extra chance which the shrewd performer constantly seeks. He didn't play the ace of hearts on the first trick. Instead, he ruffed in his hand to win the trick and immediately cashed the ace and king of spades.

This play ran the slight risk that an opponent could trump the second round of spades. But if one opponent held six spades, that fact would increase the danger that diamonds would not break and the grand slam would probably be doomed to failure anyway.

The extra chance paid a big dividend. East's queen of spades dropped. So, when Fishbein went to dummy with the ace of trumps he was in no doubt what to discard on the ace of hearts. He pitched the 10 of diamonds, and returned to his hand with a diamond lead. After he drew the rest of East's trumps, the grand slam was a laydown.

EXTRA TRICK

If you are reasonably sure you can take the chance, postpone a crucial decision. This way you can learn better the location of the cards against you. **END**

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See The Dinah Shore Chevy Show in color Sundays, NBC-TV—The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom weekly, ABC-TV.



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A magician on mileage. *Your gas dollars will now go farther — because the Corvair delivers miles and miles and miles per gallon.*

Four models. *Practical four-door or sleek new two-door in standard or de luxe versions.*

Trunk's up front. *Plenty of luggage space under the hood, where it's convenient to get to.*

Engine's in the rear... *where it belongs in a compact car... to give you nimbler handling, greater traction, better 4-wheel braking.*

Independent suspension at all 4 wheels. *Coil springs at each and every wheel take bumps with independent knee-action for a ride that rivals the costliest cars.*

Fold-down rear seat. *Now every Corvair converts into a station sedan with 17.6 cu. ft. of extra storage space behind front seat.*

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Corvair 700 5-Passenger Club Coupe

the happiest driving compact car ★

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Veal with an Italian accent

Properly cooked, home-grown U.S. veal can be as delicious as any European variety

WHENEVER I see *veau*, the French word for veal, on a menu, I think of the immortal story Ludwig Bemelmans tells in his book *Hotel Bemelmans* about the forbidding old dowager who often complained because the menu in the hotel dining room was printed in French. "She asked the maître d'hôtel, 'What is an *escalope de veau à l'ancienne?*' He lifted his leg and with a flat hand showed her from what part of the animal the cutlet came. That was easy, but *veau* was difficult. . . . He bent down to say he did not know the American word for *veau*, but that he would try to explain. 'You have a son, Madame?' 'So what?' 'You, Madame, are *vache*, your son is *veau*. *Escalope de veau* is a cutlet of son of cow.' She laughed her terrible laugh again, called for Monsieur Victor, and said, 'Fire that — — — —' "

One thing is for sure. Veal in the U.S. (and in England as well) too often tastes as if it ought to be described as "cutlet of son of cow." The juicy *escalopes de veau* of France, the wonderfully textured schnitzel of Austria, the delicately tender, paper-thin scaloppine of Italy are Continental ravishments impossible to produce correctly with Anglo-Saxon veal. The meat used in the countries of origin of these dishes is veal from milk-fed calves, animals so young they have never tasted solid food. Such veal cooks as white as it is tender.

Veal in our country, taken from older animals, turns out pinky-beige and needs a rather long, slow cooking to bring out its best qualities. It is a dry meat and therefore successful in dishes slowly simmered in liquid on the top of the stove (like stews, ragouts and that delicious French concoction, *blanquette de veau*). And it can taste as fine as any veal in Europe if it is slowly baked, covered, with special measures being taken to lubricate the meat and enhance its flavor.

Such a "roast" veal is the one shown on the opposite page. It is an Italian invention from Parma, a city otherwise famous for violets, cheese and ham. The calves born in Parma traditionally must have been allowed to grow a little older than elsewhere in Italy, for sizable roasts of veal stuffed in various manners have been popular here for centuries. When carved, the slices of these roasts are marvelous to look upon, with marblings of hard-egg slices, rosy lardings of ham and green streaks of parsley. Our roast, prepared with a stuffing of parsley butter, is one of the simplest.

For an absolutely perfect result, the meat should be enclosed during cooking in the veal membrane known as the caul, a thin, transparent veil which the butcher removes from the interior of the animal. The caul keeps a coating of savory butter in direct contact with the meat while it is cooking, but the surface can brown and crisp through this membrane as it could not through foil or parchment paper.

Utterly delectable when served hot with a rich gravy, this veal is also an attractive cold meat with its interesting parsley-tinted stripes.

DARK STREAK of flavor shows in each slice of veal which has been stuffed with parsley butter before going into the oven.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe
Platter from Tiffany

SAVORY BAKED VEAL *(serves ten)*

8-pound rump of veal, boned and rolled
Veal caul (optional)
Garlic, pepper, salt
1 pound butter
1 large onion, grated
Leaves from 2 large bunches parsley, minced
1 can consommé
½ tablespoon potato flour
Red wine, Marsala or brandy (optional)

Have butcher bone the roast, roll it and tie it with string in a neat, compact shape. Ask him to send the bones along with the meat and the caul.

Cream the butter with a wooden spoon (do not soften over heat) and work in the grated onion and minced parsley. Place veal on a breadboard; cut off and discard strings. Rub unrolled meat thoroughly with a cut clove of garlic and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Then spread very generously with the prepared parsley butter. Roll meat up again carefully, tying with soft white twine at intervals just as the butcher did. (The reason for having him do this in the first place is that his strings make lines on the meat which are easy to follow in retying it.) Now rub whole outside of roast with cut garlic, season it with salt and pepper and spread with a good coating of the parsley butter.

Wrap buttered roast in the veal caul and tie with string again. Place on a rack in an uncovered roasting pan, with the veal bones set around the sides. Brown in a preheated 450° oven for 15 minutes, then add 1 can of consommé and 1 can of water to the pan. Cover the pan. After 10 minutes more, turn heat down to 325° and continue cooking for 2 hours or until tender. (If caul has not been used, lift lid and baste meat frequently during the cooking.)

Place roast on a serving platter and remove covering and strings. Place pan on top of stove and, after discarding bones, degrease the gravy. Then thicken slightly by boiling it up with the potato flour dissolved in a little cold water. As a final fillip, add to the hot gravy a little red wine or Marsala, if available, or a jigger of brandy.



Illustrations by
David Levine

This is a great golf story, written half a century ago by a brilliant Scotsman who tapped a new vein of humor with his tale of a beginner (one week on the links) pitted against the world's best golfer. Recently included in Peter Schwed and Herbert Warren Wind's 'Great Stories from the World of Sport,' published as a book this week by Ives Washburn, Inc., 'The Haunted Major' is enjoying a full-blown revival as an engaging period piece, a canny work of sporting literature, a reminder that the thrills and absurdities of sport are changeless. The revival is fitting in this season of spring, rebirth and greatly increased activity on golf links, if only for the moral that there is always hope for golfers, no matter how desperate the odds

The Haunted Major

by ROBERT MARSHALL

Part I
The Challenge

I AM a popular man and withal I am not vain. To the people who know me I am an acquaintance of importance. This is due to a combination of circumstances.

First of all, I am a youthful (aged thirty-five) major in that smart cavalry regiment, the Ist Royal Light Hussars, commonly called the "Chestnuts."

Secondly, I am an excellent polo player, standing practically at the top of that particular tree of sport; and, again, I am an unusually brilliant cricketer. In the hunting field I am well known as one of the hardest riders across country living; and this statement, so far from being my own, emanates from my father's land agent, a poor relative of ours, and himself a fair performer in the saddle. As a shot, I will only refer you to my own game book; and if, after examining the records, you can show me an equally proficient man in that special line, well—I'll take off my hat to him.

In fact, I am "Jacky Gore," and although the War Office addresses me officially as "Major the Honorable John William Wentworth Gore, Ist Royal Light Hussars," nothing is sweeter to my ear than to hear, as I often do, a passing remark such as "There goes good old Jacky Gore, the finest sportsman living!"

I take it for granted that the reader will accept this candor as to my performances in the spirit which inspires it, and not as a stupid form of self-conceit. Were these pages designed only for the eyes of sportsmen, there would appear no other description of myself than the laconic intimation, "I am Jacky Gore." That, I know, would be sufficient to arrest electrically the ears of the sporting world. But as I desire my singular story to interest the whole range of human beings, from the Psychical Research Society down to the schoolboy who wonders if he will see a ghost, I must be explicit.

First, then, I am not a snob; I have no occasion to be one. I am the younger son of one of England's oldest earls, Lord Goresby, and my mother is the daughter of one of our newest marquises, Lord Dundrum. My friends are all of the very best, socially and otherwise.

If there is one thing that jars on me more than another, it is when a person of lower social status than my own presumes to associate with me in a style and with a manner that imply equality. I will frankly own that I often shoot, fish, or yacht with those *nouveaux riches* whose lacquer of gold so ineffectually conceals the real underlying metal. Still, a breadth of view of life, which has always been one of my characteristics, inspires me with the hope that the association of such people with one of my own type may in the process of time tend to the refining of the class from which they spring. Besides, one need not know people all one's life.

My means, viewed in proportion to those of my friends, are sufficient. For, although my allowance is nominally but £2,000 a year, my father has such a morbid sense of family honor that he is always ready

continued

to pay up the casual debts that spring from daily intercourse with the best of everything. And as he enjoys an income of quite £150,000 a year, mainly derived from coal mines in Wales, there really seems no reason why I should not occasionally, indeed frequently, furnish him with an opportunity for indulging in his harmless hobby of keeping the family escutcheon clean.

And now, my reader, before we plunge *in medias res*, I approach a subject which, if treated with candor, must also be handled with delicacy.

I desire to marry.

I desire to marry Katherine Clavering Gunter.

She is an American and a widow.

She is an enthusiastic golfer.

She is quite beautiful, especially in her photographs.

She has a fortune of £2,000,000 sterling, and I love her with a very true and real love. I perceive that our union would further our respective interests in providing each of us with certain extensions of our present modes of living. I have long desired a place of my own in the country; and Katherine, I know, wishes to move freely in smart circles without having to employ the services of impoverished dowagers. In many other ways I could be of assistance to Katherine. I could tell her how to wear her diamonds, for instance. She is inclined on the slightest provocation to decorate herself in exuberant imitation of a cut-crystal chandelier.

There are, however, difficulties. Prominent among these is the fact that she is an ardent golfer. Now, golf is a game that presents no attractions to me. I have never tried it, nor even held a golf stick in my hand. A really good game, to my mind, must have an element, however slight, of physical danger to the player. Golf presents no such condition, and I despise it.

Once by means of a jocular query, I gathered from Katherine that marriage with a keen golfer would probably be her future state; and this admission, I confess, was extremely galling to me, the more so as I had just been entertaining her with a long summary of my own achievements in other games.

I little thought at the time that before many weeks had passed, I should be playing golf as Heaven knows it was never played before. And this is how it happened.

One warm, delicious evening late in July I was dining at Lowchester House. The ladies had just left us, and we men were preparing to enjoy the hour that brings cigarettes, coffee, and liqueurs in its wake. Through the wide-open French windows of the dining room (which looks out over St. James's Park) came softened sounds of busy traffic; a ravishing odor of sweet peas stole in from the garden, and the moon gave to the trees and shrubs without those strange, grave tints that are her wonderful gifts to the night.

As a rule, such an environment impresses and invigorates me pleasurably. But tonight, somehow, such things had no charm for me. Katherine was of the party, but at the other end of the table from mine. A tall, well-built, massive man, good-looking, and possessed of an attractive smile, had taken her in to dinner, and I have rarely seen two people so completely absorbed in each other.

Who was he?

I know everybody that one meets in London, either personally or by sight, yet I had never before come across this good-looking Hercules. I must find out.

He was talking to Lowchester as, leaving my chair, I carelessly joined the group at the other end of the table.

"Yes, I first held the open championship five years ago," I heard him say.

I pricked my ears. What championship?

"And again last year, I think?" asked Lowchester.

"Yes," replied Hercules.

I quickly inquired of my neighbor as to what championship was under discussion.

"Why, golf, of course," was the response. "That's Jim Lindsay, the finest player living."

No wonder Katherine was so deeply absorbed.

I hated the man at once. I lost not a moment. I darted my eyes across the table, caught his, and stabbed him with one of those withering knifelike glances that only the descendants of the great can inflict.

Then I discovered that he wasn't looking at me at all, but at one of my shirt studs which had escaped from its buttonhole. He drew my attention to it. I grunted out an ungrateful "Thanks!" and hated him the more.

Now, as a rule after dinner—wherever I may be—I manage to hold the conversation. So much a habit has this become with me, that I can scarcely endure to hear another man similarly exploiting himself. Not, I am bound to say, that Lindsay was belauding his own prowess. But, what was worse, he appeared a center of enormous interest to the men around him. They drew him out. They hung on his words. Truly golf must have made many converts during the last three years I had been in India. Bah! And I knew it to be such a childish game.

"I've taken a house close to the links at St. Magnus for the summer, Lindsay," Lowchester presently observed. "And as you tell me you're going there next month, you must let me put you up. There's lots of room, and Mrs. Gunter will be with us during August and September."

"I shall be delighted," replied Lindsay.

So Lowchester too had become a golfer! Lowchester—who used to live for hunting and cricket! Lowchester—the President of the Board of Education! Good heavens!

Presently we were all in the hideous gilded and damasked drawing room. The rooms were hot. That no doubt was the reason why presently Mrs. Gunter and the champion were to be seen hanging over the railing of a flower-laden balcony; but the heat could in no way account for their gazing into each other's eyes so frequently, or so raptly.

I seized on a slip of a girl in pink, led her close to the window, and in tones that I knew must be overheard by the occupants of the balcony, began to relate how I won the Lahore Polo Cup for my team in '92. Katherine and the champion pointedly left the window and proceeded to another and more distant one.

It was enough. I could stand no more. I bade my hostess good night, and passed through the rooms.

As I entered the great hall, which was but dimly lit,

my eyes encountered a portrait of the famous (or infamous) Cardinal Smeaton, one of Lowchester's proudest pictorial possessions. The great Scotch prelate, I could have sworn, winked at me.

I was moving on, when suddenly, close to my shoulder, I heard the words, "I will meet ye at St. Magnus!"

I started and turned. There was no one near. I observed a footman at the door eying me with mild but interested scrutiny. He came forward with my coat and hat and, putting them on, I passed listlessly into the courtyard and thence to St. James's Street, where I mechanically entered the doors of the Racing Club.

I rang the bell and ordered a brandy and soda.

The incident of the Cardinal's wink and the unknown voice had already escaped my memory, and I was rapt in rankling memories of the evening I had spent.

To me, it was inconceivable that even the finest exponent of a wretched game like golf could oust an all-round sportsman like myself from the circle of interest at a dinner table. It was not so much that I had not been afforded an opportunity to talk, as that when I did I was listened to with a wandering attention, suggesting that listeners were only waiting for me to stop.

It was extremely galling, and I ordered a second brandy and soda.

Must I, then, take to golf in self-defense?

Of course I could pick it up easily. There is no minor game that I have not mastered with ease, after about a week's hard application. I took from the bookshelves the Badminton volume on golf and, with a third brandy and soda, applied myself to a rapid study of its contents. I had not read more than three chapters when half a dozen men, including Lowchester and Lindsay, entered.

"My dear Jacky," said the former, "you left us very early tonight."

"Yes," I replied. "I found the atmosphere indoors a bit oppressive; and I'm not as yet a convert to golf, your sole topic of discussion during the evening."

"You ought to try the game," said Lindsay. "There's more to it than outsiders imagine."

"Outsiders in what sense?" I inquired.

"Oh! Only as regards golf, of course. For aught I know you may be a celebrity in many other branches of sport."

"I am," was on the tip of my tongue, but I repressed it. "Golf," I suddenly found myself asserting, after one of those deadly pauses that give an altogether exaggerated significance to any casual remark that may break the silence, "golf is a game for one's dotage."

"A period that sets in quite early in the lives of many of us," retorted Lindsay.

There was another pause. Lowchester was chuckling quietly. A club waiter with thin lips was grinning faintly.

"Which means?" I asked.

"Well, it means," was the reply, "that to stigmatize as only suitable for one's dotage a fine, healthy, outdoor sport, that employs skill and science, and exercises one's patience and temper as few other games do, suggests to my mind incipient dotage in common perception."

As I reflected on Lindsay's words, I perceived a deadly

continued



"I tell you what I'll do," I said, in calm tones. "After one week's practice I'll play you a match on even terms."

stab to my authority as a judge of sport. My blood tingled. I seized a fourth brandy and soda. It was Lowchester's, but I was only aware of this when the glass was empty.

"I tell you what I'll do," I said, in the calm, deep tones born of a great determination. "After one week's practice on the St. Magnus links I'll play you a match on even terms and, I dare to hope, lick your head off at your own game."

There was a pause of a moment. Then, as if to clear the oppressive air, a chorus of "Bravo, Old Jacky!" rang out from the bystanders.

Only Lindsay was silent, except, of course, the waiters.

"Well?" I asked him.

"I accept, of course," said he. "You leave me no alternative. But the whole scheme is absolutely childish, and, as I fear you will find, quite futile."

"I'll take my chance of that," I replied. "I can reach St. Magnus by August eighth, and on the fifteenth I'll play you."

"It's a match," cried Lowchester, and proceeded to enter it in a notebook. "Any stakes?"

"I will privately suggest to Mr. Lindsay the stakes to be played for," I answered. "May I ask you to come with me for a moment?"

Lindsay assented, and I led him to an adjoining room.

"The stake I suggest—and it must be known to none but ourselves—is this. The winner of the match shall have the first right to propose matrimony to a certain lady. I mention no names. It is enough if we agree that neither of us shall propose to any lady whatsoever on or before August fifteenth, and that the loser shall abstain from any such proposal till August twenty-second. This will give the winner a clear week's start, which really constitutes the stake. The subject is a delicate one," I added, as I saw his surprise and evident desire to go further into the matter, "and I shall be obliged if you merely signify your assent or dissent, as the case may be."

With a certain bewildered yet half-amused air he replied, "I assent, of course, but—"

"There is nothing more that need be said," I interrupted, "except that I shall be glad if you will join me at supper."

For at one of my own clubs, when a stranger is introduced, even by another member, I trust I can ever play the host with tact and grace. I asked Lowchester and Grimsby to join us, and during supper I was able to recount the chief exploits of my life to the attentive audience that a host can always rely on.

I left London on August sixth, traveling by night to Edinburgh, and leaving the latter city at 9 a.m., on the 7th, reached St. Magnus a few minutes before noon. I had been recommended to try the Metropole Hotel, and accordingly took up my quarters there. It is quite near the St. Magnus Golf Club (for which I was put up at once as a temporary member), and is equally convenient to the links. Lord and Lady Lowchester were in their house, a stone's throw from the hotel, and amongst their guests were Mr. Lindsay and Mrs. Gunter.

St. Magnus, as all the golfing world knows, is situated on the east coast of Scotland, and is second in importance as a golfing center to St. Andrews, which, indeed, it closely resembles. It is a grim, gray old town, standing on bleak precipitous cliffs that court every passing hurricane, and possessed, in addition, of a respectable perennial gale of its own. It is always blowing there. The ancient town boasts many ruins of once-noble buildings. And many the tales that are told of ghostly occupants.

I have been writing calmly, but during the days that followed my challenge to Lindsay, my brain was in a fever. I had stipulated for but one week's practice, and, consequently, though dying to handle the sticks (or "clubs," as I find I ought to call them), I had been debarred from more than a study of the game, as set forth in the various published works on the subject. I had taken a suite of four rooms in the hotel. One was my sitting room, another my bedroom, a third my servant's room, and the fourth I had fitted up as a golf studio. By arrangement with the proprietor, I had the room denuded of all furniture. A strip of coconut matting, lightly strewn with sand, represented a teeing ground, whilst a number of padded targets, designed to receive the balls as I drove them, almost covered the walls. A fourth of the floor was boarded in with sand to represent a bunker. The remainder I turfed to represent a putting green. I constructed a small movable grassy hillock which could be placed in the center of the room, and I imported whin bushes, sods of long grass, etc., to represent the assorted difficulties that beset the golfer. By day the windows were removed in case of



I could tell her how to wear her diamonds. She is inclined to decorate herself in imitation of a chandelier.

accidents; and altogether nothing was left undone that would conduce to complete and unobserved practice of the game.

By dint of offering extremely liberal terms, I secured the services of the well-known professional, Kirkintulloch, it being understood that he was to coach me more or less *sub rosa*, and that in any case he was not to talk promiscuously of the extent to which I practiced. I exhorted him to spare no expense—an arrangement he accepted with evident and spontaneous alacrity, selling me a number of his own unrivaled clubs at what I have since learned were exorbitant prices.

On the morning of the eighth, Kirkintulloch was waiting for me at the first putting green.

I may say at once that during my entire stay in St. Magnus I never quite mastered this man's name. It became confused in my mind with other curious-sounding names of Scotch towns, and I addressed him promiscuously as Tullockgorum, Tillicoutry, Auchtermuchty, and the like. To his credit, be it said that after one or two attempts to put me right, he answered cheerfully to any name that greeted his surprised ears.

HE was a brawny son of honest fisher folk. Of middle height, he was sturdily yet flexibly built. His hands were large and horny; his feet, I have no doubt, were the same. He had blue eyes, witb that alert, steady, and far-seeing gaze that is the birthright of folk born to look out over the sea; sandy hair and mustache, and a ruddy color that suggested equally sunshine, salt winds, and whisky.

"It's a fine moarn fur goalf," was his greeting.

"So I suppose," said I. "Where do we go?"

"We'll gang ower here," he replied, as, tucking my clubs under his arm, he led me in the direction of a comparatively remote part of the links.

As we went I thought it advisable to let him know that, although not yet a golfer, I could more than hold my own in far higher branches of sport. I told him that I was one of the best-known polo players of the day.

"Whaat's polo?" said he, at length.

I gave him a brief description of the game.

"Aweel, ye'll no hae a hoarse to help ye at goalf."

"But don't you see, Tullochgorum——"

"Kirkintulloch, sir."

"Kirkintulloch, that the fact of playing a game on ponies makes it more difficult?"

"Then whaat fur d'ye hae them?"

"Well, it's the game, that's all."

"M'hm" was his sphinxlike response.

I felt that I had not convinced him.

I next hinted that I was a prominent cricketer.

"Ay, it's a fine ploy fur laddies."

"It's a game that can only properly be played by men," I replied, with indignant warmth.

"Is't?"

"Yes, is't—I mean it is." He had certain phrases that I often unconsciously and involuntarily repeated.

"Aweel, in goalf ye'll no hae a man to birstle the ba' to yer bat; ye'll just hae to play it as it lies."



Kirkintulloch's ruddy color suggested sunshine, salt winds, and whisky.

"But, man alive," I cried, "don't you see that to hit a moving object must be infinitely more difficult than to strike a ball that is stationary?"

"Ye've no bunkers at cricket," he replied, with irrelevant but disconcerting conviction.

"I take it," I resumed presently, "that what is mainly of importance at golf is a good eye."

"That's ae thing."

"What's ae thing?"

"Yer e'e. The thing is, can ye keep it on the ba'?"

"Of course I can keep it on the ba'—ball."

"We'll see in a meenit," he answered, and stopped. We had reached a large field enclosed by a wall, and here Kirkintulloch dropped the clubs and proceeded to arrange a little heap of damp sand, on which he eventually poised a golf ball.

"Noo, tak' yer driver. Here," and he handed me a beautifully varnished implement decorated with sunk lead, inlaid bone, and resined cord.

"Try a swing," he said, "like this," and, standing in position before the ball, he proceeded to wave a club of his own in semicircular sweeps, till suddenly and rapidly descending on the ball, he struck it with such force and accuracy that it shot out into the faint morning mist and disappeared. It was really a remarkably fine shot. I began to feel quite keen.

"Noo it's your turn," said he, as he teed a second ball, "but hae a wheen practice at the swing first."

So I began "addressing" an imaginary ball. I wiggled first in one direction, then in another. I described eights and threes, double circles, triangles, and parallelograms in the air, only to he assailed with—

"Na, na!" from Kirkintulloch.

"See here, dea it like this," he cried, and flourished his driver with the easy grace of a lifetime's practice.

"I'll tell you what, Kirkcudbright—"

"Kirkintulloch, sir."

"Kirkintulloch, let me have a smack at the ball."

"Gang on then, sir. Hae a smack."

continued

I took up position. I got my eye on the ball. I swung a mighty swing. I swooped with terrific force down on the ball. When it was all over, there it was still poised on the tee, and Kirkintulloch sniffing toward the sea.

"Ye've missed the globe," was his comment. "An' it's a black disgrace to a gowfer."

I let drive a second time, with the result that the ball took a series of trifling hops and skips like a startled hare, and deposited itself in rough ground some 30 yards off.

"Ye topped it, sir."

"I moved it, anyhow," I muttered moodily.

"Ay, ye did that."

I went steadily on, ball after ball. They took many and devious routes. Some leaped into the air with half-hearted and affrighted purpose; others shot along the ground with strange irregularity of direction and distance; a number went off at right or left angles with the pleasing uncertainty that only a beginner can command; whilst not a few merely trickled off the tee. At length I struck one magnificent shot. The ball soared straight and sure, and I felt for the first time the delicious thrill that tingles through the arms right to the very brain, as the clean-struck ball leaves the driver's head. I looked at Kirkintulloch with a proud and gleaming eye.

"No had," said he, "but ye'll no do that again in a hurry. It was guy like an accident."

"Look here, Kirkincoutry," I said, nettled at last, "it's your business to encourage me, not to throw cold water."

"Ma name's Kirkintulloch," he answered phlegmatically, "but it doesna' maitter. An I can tell ye this, that cauld watter keeps the heed cool at goalf, and praise is a snare and a deloosion." Then with the ghost of a smile he added, "Gang on, ye're daein' fine."

I will not weary the reader with a description of my progress. Suffice it to say that whilst I really made wonderful strides, I never got around the links under 100, whereas Lindsay, I knew, seldom if ever exceeded 90, and averaged, I suppose, something like 86.

My practice in the studio was not attended with that measure of success I had anticipated. The turf got dry and lumpy, and when my servant watered it liberally, an old lady occupying the room immediately below complained that her ceiling had unaccountably begun to drip, whilst a number of other guests pointed out that to walk beneath my window was an extremely dangerous proceeding, as golf balls and even broken clubs flew out on them with alarming frequency.

What, then, was I to do? Give in?

No.

I would play the match, and be beaten like a man. There was a remote chance that Lindsay might be seedy. At all events I felt I must confide in Kirkintulloch's ears the task I had set myself.



With this His Eminence extracted a set of seven such extraordinary golf clubs that I felt it in me to laugh aloud.

Accordingly, on the morning of Saturday the thirteenth, I intimated to him, as we started on our first round, that I had to play my first match on the Monday.

"Ay," said he quite imperturbably.

"Yes," I resumed, "and rather an important one."

"Weel, I'll cairry for ye. Whaat time?"

"Eleven o'clock," I replied; and then I added, "I'm playing against Mr. Lindsay, Mr. James Lindsay."

Kirkintulloch stopped dead, and gazed at me with blue-eyed and unceremonious incredulity.

"Jim Lindsay," he cried.

"Yes," I growled doggedly.

We proceeded to walk on, but, despite his impenetrable expression, I knew that Kirkintulloch was charged with violent emotion of some sort.

"What's be giein' ye?" he asked.

"What?"

"What's yer hondicop?"

"None, I'm playing him level."

"Weel, of a' the pairfect noansense—"

"Eh?" I interrupted, with a certain dignity that was not lost on Kirkintulloch. But he again stopped dead, and for once in a way betrayed signs of some excitement.

"See here whaat I'm tellin' ye. He'll lay ye oot like a corp! D'ye ken thaat? Forbye ye'll be the laughin'-stock o' the links. Ay, and *me* cairryin' for ye! I've pit up wi' a' the names ye've ca'd me—Tullochgorum, Tillicoutry, ay, and Auchtermuchty tae—but I'd hae ye mind I'm Wully Kirkintulloch, the professional, and I'm no for ony black disgrace like cairryin' in a match the tail end o' which'll be Jim Lindsay scorin' nineteen up an' seventeen tae play."

"If you don't wish to cairry—I mean carry—for me on Monday," I said, "there is no occasion for you to do so. I can easily get another caddie, and whoever does undertake the job will be paid one guinea."

I watched his features keenly as I said this, and though he in no wise betrayed himself, there was an alteration in his tone when next he addressed me.

"It's like this, ye see," said he. "I'm no sayin' I'll no cairry fur ye; a' I say is that ye're no tae blame me if Jim Lindsay wuns by three or fower holes."

That morning—how well I remember it!—I was pounding away in one of the deepest bunkers when, suddenly, from behind me came the clear ring of a woman's laughter.

I turned and beheld Mrs. Gunter.

She was dressed in a tailor-made coat and skirt of butcher blue, and wore a tam-o'-shanter of the same color. Her eyes were sparkling with humor and enjoyment of life, her cheeks glowed with the bright fresh red that comes of sea air and healthy exercise.

"Well?" she cried lustily. "How goes it?"

"Tolerably," I replied, as I mopped my perspiring brow. "You see me at present at my worst."

"Anna Lowchester is going to ask you to dinner on Monday to celebrate the great match. Mind you come. Say, now, what are the stakes? You know it's all over town that you're playing for something colossal. And tell me why do you avoid us all?"

"I am here simply and solely to golf," I replied, with as much dignity as is possible to the occupant of a bunker that the merest novice could have avoided.

"Ye're keeping the green waitin', sir," cried Kirkintulloch.

"Then will you excuse me?" I asked Mrs. Gunter.

She passed on with a merry laugh and a wave of the hand, crying out as she watched the destination of my guttapercha, "You poor soul! You're bang into another."

So I was. For a passing moment I almost hated Katherine. Moreover, I was becoming extremely depressed. The morning of Sunday the fourteenth broke with a dark and stormy scowl. I passed the time till luncheon in the golf studio. I then devoted a couple of hours to the perusal of my books on golf. Dinner at the Metropole on Sundays is a more pretentious meal than on weekdays, and I did full justice to it, banishing my depression with a bottle. About 10 p.m. I proceeded to the smoking room and stretched myself luxuriously on the couch in front of a blazing fire, only to find that rest was not possible, and that I was the victim of what Scotch folk call the "fidgets." I must have exercise.

THE storm had somewhat abated, and the moon sailed brilliantly at intervals through the black and scudding clouds. I decided on a walk, despite the weather and the lateness of the hour. I took the road that extends along the cliffs to the harbor, compelled to probe for and feel my way, at times guided by fitful splashes of moonlight. Before me, in cold and inky outlines, stood the ruined towers and windows of cathedral and castle.

So slow was my progress that almost an hour must have passed before I reached the ruined castle gates. As I stood gazing up at the weatherbeaten heights, faintly outlined against the flying clouds, I became conscious of a sudden and strange atmospheric change. The gale inexplicably died; the trees hushed themselves into a startling silence; the moon crept behind an overhanging mountain of clouds; and warm, humid, and oppressive air replaced the sea-blown easterly winds. A great and portentous stillness prevailed around me, broken only by a dull moaning—as of a soul in agony—from the sea.

The effect was awful.

I tried to retrace my steps and found myself immovable, a living and breathing statue clutching the iron bars of the castle gate. Within a few feet of where I stood, a mighty blue and blinding flame shot out from the massive pile of clouds, firing land and sea with livid and fearsome light. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, of such thunder as I pray I may never hear again, struck up into the heights of the heavens and down again to the resounding rocks and ruins that fronted me. In a moment of utter collapse I fell through the gate, and lay on the soaking turf within.

Gasping, and with a supreme and almost superhuman effort, I staggered to my feet. And what was the wild, weird thing that I saw? At the entrance of the castle, holding aloft a lamp of ecclesiastical design, stood the red-robed figure of a ghostly cardinal!

With a wildly beating heart, I recognized at a glance

continued

the face of the long dead Cardinal Smeaton whose portrait had arrested my eyes at Lowchester House!

I shivered in every limb, and a cold beady dew sprang out on my temples as I stood with my eyes riveted on the spectral figure before me. The light from the lamp fell on the left side of the Cardinal's head with a weird effect, revealing a face with the tightly stretched skin of the dead, and a fiercely flashing eye that seemed to divine the fear and horror that possessed me.

"Come," he said in hollow yet imperious tones, "it's a sair nicht, and there is shelter within."

"No! No!" I cried, in an agony of fearful apprehension. But even as I spoke I moved mechanically toward him, and no words can convey the horror with which I realized my unconscious advance.

The wind shrieked out anew, and a deluge of sudden rain beat down from the clouds above.

I DARED not look at the Cardinal's face. My eyes I kept on the ground, and I noted in a dreamily unconscious way the yellow pointed shoes of my ghostly guide as they slipped noiselessly from beneath the flowing draperies. We passed into the shelter of the archway that led to the open courtyard of the castle. On our right was a doorway that opened into a dark and damp recess, revealing a faintly lit staircase. This we descended, I half slipping, half dragged, until at length we reached a chamber lighted with flickering tapers.

Here the Cardinal closed the old oak and iron-studded door with a clang, and releasing my almost frozen wrist, seated himself with grave dignity. Presently I ventured to let my gaze fall on him, and was somewhat relieved to note in his otherwise inscrutable face a distinct twinkle of amusement. I was reflecting on the strange calm that was gradually coming to me, when my ghostly companion broke the silence, speaking in profound and dignified tones. "When the moon is at the full, gude sir, and eke the tide is low, a body that spiers within the castle gates maun e'en be guest of mine."

I did not quite understand this, but replied respectfully, "Quite so."

My ghostly prelate spoke in broad Scotch, much as Kirkintulloch did. "May I ask," I ventured, "what keeps Your Eminence up so late?"

"Hech! sir," was the reply. "That's what liteegious folk would ca' a leadin' question. Forbye, I'm no just at leeberty tae tell ye. Ye see, folk maun work oot their ain salvation, and it's no permitted to the likes o' me, a wanderer in the speerit, to acquaint mortal man wi' information as to the existence of heaven, hell, purgatory, or—or otherwise."

"Then," I timidly pursued, "I presume I have the—the—honor of addressing a—a spirit?"

"Jist that," responded the Cardinal, with a jocose cordiality that was very reassuring and comforting.

"I'm gaun tae tell 'ee," said he, "what for I summoned ye here this nicht. Here!" he exclaimed, and rising he indicated the vaulted chamber with an imposing sweep of his gaunt arms and bony fingers.

"I'm delighted, Your Eminence," I murmured feebly.

"Ye'll be mair than delighted, I'm thinkin'," he continued, "when ye ken ma purpose. The moarn's moarn ye're playin', an I'm no mistaken, a match at goalf agin a callant ca'd Jim Lindsay?"

"That is so."

"Aweel!" resumed the Cardinal. "I'd have 'ee ken that he's a descendant in the straight line o' ane o' my maist determined foes! And ony hlow that I can deal tae ane o' his kith is a solace to ma hameless speerit. Noo, in ma day, I was unrivaled as a gowfer; there wasna ma equal in the land. It's a fac'. And here" (and the Cardinal sank his voice to the low tremulous wail of a sepulchral but operatic specter) "ahint the arras in this verra chamber is concealed ma ain bonny set of clubs!"

He scrutinized my face to observe the effect of this announcement. I accordingly assumed an expression of intense interest.

"Noo," he continued, "I'm gaun tae lend ye this verra set o' clubs, an' I guarantee that an ye play wi' them ye'll win the day. D'ye hear that?"

"It is extremely good of you," I murmured hurriedly.

"Hoots! It's mair for ma ain gratification than for yours. Ye'll wun the day, and fair humeeliate the varmint spawn o' my ancient foe; and, eh! gude sir, these auld bones will rattle wi' the pleasure o't! Will 'ee dae't?"

"I will," I solemnly replied. What else could I say?

With this His Eminence turned to the tapestry behind him, and, drawing it aside, disclosed a deep and narrow cavity in the rock. From this he extracted, one by one, a set of seven such extraordinary unwieldy-looking golf clubs that I felt it in me to laugh aloud. A strange and almost pathetic enthusiasm shone in his eyes.

"Nane o' yer new-fangled clubs for me!" cried the Cardinal. "Tak' them wi' ye back tae whaur ye bide; bring them to the links the moarn's moarn, and as sure as we stand here this nicht, I'll be wi' ye tae witness sic a game o' gowf as never mortal played before."

He seized the weird-looking clubs, and, caressing them with loving care, muttered to himself reminiscences of bygone years.

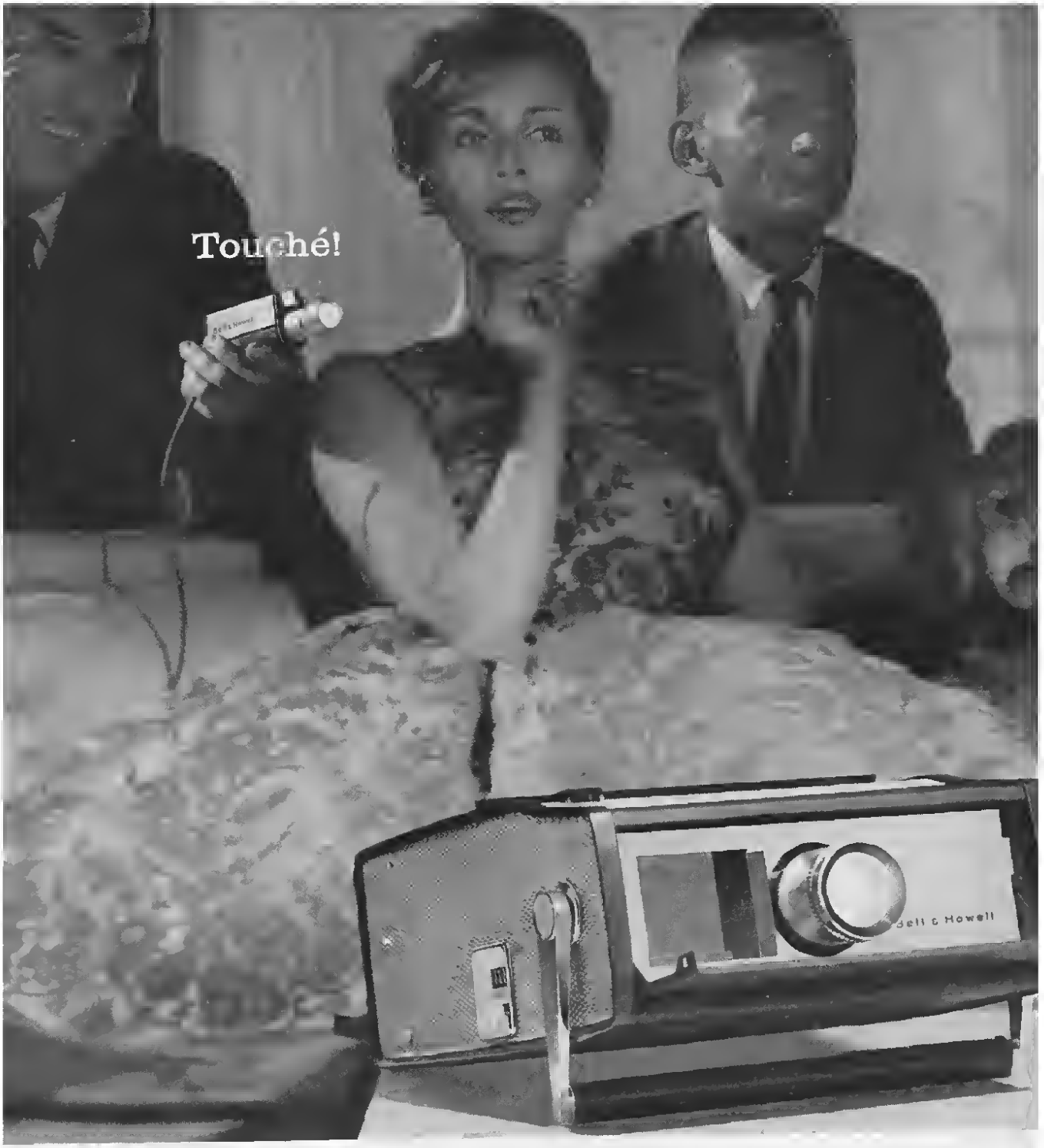
He related many tales of his prowess with great gusto and enjoyment. We were now on such unaccountably familiar terms that I ventured to tell him of the marvelous goal I had won, playing for the Lahore Polo Cup in '92, when, of a sudden, he interrupted me, crying out—

"The oor is late! Ye maun hae a sleep. Awa! man, awa! For ony sake, tak' the set and awa!"

Seizing the seven weird clubs, I made a low obeisance to His Eminence, and turning, found the door behind me open. I fled up the stone-cut staircase, passed like a flash through the recess of the archway, and hailed the faintly dawning day. The storm had passed, the sea was calm, birds twittered in the gently whispering trees, the world was waking, and I was on broad earth again.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A match with enchanted clubs . . . a game such as mortal never played before . . . and the conclusion of a classic of ghosts and golf.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON—U.S., led by Judy and Sue Devlin, Dorothy O'Neil and Margaret Varner, beat Denmark 5-2, retained Uber Cup, Philadelphia.

BASEBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE teams, busy sprucing up for Tuesday's opening, still found time for some last-minute trading. San Francisco bought long-ball-hitting First Baseman Dale Long, 34, from Chicago Cubs to bolster bench; Cubs, in turn, shelled out $25,000 and three minor leaguers to Los Angeles for cocky Infielder Don Zimmer. In American League, Cleveland swapped left-hander Leo Kiely (3-3 for Boston last year) to Kansas City for right-hander Bob Grim, 20-6 rookie whiz with New York Yankees in 1954 but no better than 6-10 for Athletics in 1959.

BASKETBALL—BOSTON CELTICS, over St. Louis Hawks, 122-103, to win NBA championship playoff, 4 games to 3, Boston.
GARY, IND., over Jersey City, 51-47, Intl. Biddy championship, Bridgeport, Conn.

BOATING—ARTHUR KNAPP JR., who skippered his *Agony* to 37 victories for .888 percentage, was declared Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club winter sailing champion, for 10th time in 14 years.

BOXING—AMATEURS, with more than casual interest in spending midsummer in Rome, flailed away earnestly for three days in AAU championships at Toledo and NCAA tournament at Madison, Wis. At week's end, 20 diligent-punching young men contemplated next step—Olympic trials at San Francisco May 18, 19, 20. The champions:
AAU—Wayman Gray, Monroe, Mich., 112 pounds; Oscar German, Muskegon, Mich., 119 pounds; George Foster, Cincinnati, 125 pounds; Brian O'Shea, Chicago, 132 pounds; Vincent Shomo, New York City, 139 pounds; Phil Baldwin, Muskegon, 147 pounds; Wilbert McClure, Toledo, 156 pounds; Leotis Martin, Toledo, 165 pounds; Cassius Clay, Louisville, 178 pounds (named outstanding boxer); Harold Espy, Pocatello, Idaho, heavyweight.
NCAA—Heiji Schimabukuro, College of Idaho, 112 pounds; Ron Nichols, San Jose State, 119 pounds; Dave Nelson, San Jose State, 125 pounds; Brown McGhee, Wisconsin, 132 pounds; Steve Kubas, San Jose State, 139 pounds; Mills Lane, Nevada, 149 pounds (named outstanding performer); Jerry Turner, Wisconsin, 156 pounds; Stu Bartell, San Jose State, 165 pounds; John Horne, Michigan State, 178 pounds; Archie Milton, San Jose State, heavyweight. Team champion: San Jose State, for third straight year, with 43 points.
BARTOLO SONI, journeyman Dominican Republic heavyweight, shook off crunching blows which had flattened 44 consecutive lesser opponents, knocked out Lamar Clark in 9th round, Ogden, Utah.
PETE RADEMACHER and ULLI RITTER, heavyweights, 10-round draw, Berlin, Germany.
ERICH SCHOEPPNER, handied about as opponent for World Champion Archie Moore, 15-round decision over Helmut Ball, to retain European light heavyweight title, Frankfurt, Germany.
GALE KERWIN and JAY FULLMER, welterweights, 10-round draw, Miami Beach.

DOG SHOW—CH. BLANART BEWITCHING, 3-year-old Scottish terrier owned by Mrs. Blanche E. Regg, Wantagh, N. Y., best-in-show, Intl. Kennel Club of Chicago.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER, Ligonier, Pa., birdied last two holes for 282, edged Ken Venturi by single stroke to win Masters, Augusta, Ga.
BETSY RAWLS, Spartanburg, S.C., shot par 73 on last 18 holes, finished with 211 (for 54 holes), won Babe Zaharias Open, Beaumont, Texas.

HARNESS RACING—SENATOR FROST: $20,000 California Trot, 1 m., by 1¼ lengths over Camas B., in track-record 1:58⅗, Santa Anita.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL CANADIENS, at their power-playing best before home-town fans, beat Toronto 4-2, 2-1, took 2-0 lead in final playoff for NHL title.

HORSERACING—FIRST LANDING: $70,300 Laurel Maturity, 1⅛ m., by head over On-and-On, in track-record 1:49⅖, Laurel, Md. Willie Shoemaker up.
VENDETTA: $29,700 Westchester St., 1 m., by nose over Big Effort, in 1:35⅕ (equals track record), for 22-to-1 payoff, Aqueduct. Jack Leonard up.
RICACHO TIMBER, Randolph Rouse's 10-year-old jumper, ran away from Valley Hart by 5½ lengths, won 3-m. Deep Run Hunt Cup in 5:52, Richmond. Joe Atcheson Jr. up.
HAL MARBUT: Block House Steeplechase, about 2 m., by 2 lengths over Rotal, in 3:48, Tryon, N.C. W. H. Turner Jr. up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JACK BRABHAM, Australia, trailed Britain's Stirling Moss in 99-m. opening heat, roared his Cooper home first in second heat to win Brussels Grand Prix.
RODGER WARD, Indianapolis, pushed Leader Card Special around Trenton (N.J.) Speedway at average 95.486 mph, won USAC 100-miler.
DICK PETTY, Randleman, N.C., 250-m. Virginia 500, in 3:54:34 (average 63.94 mph), in 1960 Plymouth, to take lead for NASCAR driving title, Martinsville, Va.

RUGBY—CALIFORNIA, over USC, 32-5, to remain unbeaten in 30 straight over span of 2½ years, Berkeley, Calif.
DARTMOUTH, over Stanford, 9-0, West Point.

SOCCER—ENGLAND and SCOTLAND played 1-1 draw before 130,000 at Hampden Park, Glasgow, finished in triple tie with WALES, earlier 3-2 winner over Ireland at Wrexham, Wales, for all-Britain title.

SWIMMING—HUNTINGTON, IND., Natl. YMCA championship, with 66 points, Dayton.

TENNIS—PANCHO GONZALES, fiery star who has spent most of his pro tennis life giving Promoter Jack Kramer fits, readied still another jolt for his boss "Physically tired" and obviously fed up with barnstorming, Pancho announced in Venice he plans to quit pro tour despite contract which runs until December.
DAVIS CUP SELECTIONS COMMITTEE, intent on beefing up U.S. chances to regain trophy from Australia, named 14-man squad to prepare for Challenge Round. The squad: young veterans Barry MacKay and Earl Buchholz, Tom Brown, Bernie Bartzen, John Cranston, Chris Crawford, Don Dell, Jon Douglas, Myron Franks, Jack Frost, Ron Holmberg, Clifton Mayne Jr., Chuck McKinley, Whitney Reed.

TRACK & FIELD—DAVE EDSTROM, U. of Oregon, piled up 8,176 points (third highest in history) to win special decathlon, Eugene, Ore.
BOBBY MORROW, over Dave Styron and Dave Sime, in 100 meters in 10.2; EDDIE SOUTHERN, over Sime, in 200 meters in 21.2, Southwestern Relays, Lafayette, La. Team champion: Northeast Louisiana State, lead by Styron twins, Dave and Don (who competed in 13 events), with 70 points.
ERNIE CUNLIFFE, Stanford, won mile in 4.02.3, but Kansas scored 68 points, edged San Jose State (57), Stanford (47), Stanford, Calif. USC, led by Shotputter Dallas Long (63 feet 6½ inches), and High Jumper Charley Dumas (7 feet ¼ inch), scored 75½ points, trounced Oklahoma (47½), Arizona State (41) for 88th consecutive dual and triangular meet victory, Tempe, Ariz.

MILEPOSTS—MARRIED: JERRY WEST, 21, West Virginia basketball star whose deft hands, agile feet, unerring marksmanship brought him All-America honors; and MARTHA JANE KANE, 20, West Virginia coed, at Morgantown.
RETIRED. MARSHALL CASSIDY, 68, longtime New York racing figure whose firm but practical hands have been active in almost every phase of Thoroughbred sport and earned him unofficial title of "Mr. Racing", as vice-president and director of racing of New York Racing Association. His successor: Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe. Cassidy will continue as executive secretary of The Jockey Club, devote full time to expansion of domestic and international affairs.
FINED. CUS D'AMATO, defrocked manager of former Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson; $250 and given suspended 30-day sentence for conviction on charge he failed to answer subpoena for questioning (in connection with Patterson-Johansson postfight muddle) by State Attorney General's office, in New York.
DIED: REX ENRIGHT, 59, onetime Notre Dame fullback who settled down to football coaching career, served as assistant at North Carolina and Georgia, head coach at South Carolina for 18 years before retiring to athletic director's chair, of peptic ulcer and heart condition, at Columbia, S.C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Wally Huntington, 6—Bob Gomas, 7—W.I. Blanche, Dan Hardesty, John W. Busch, Champaign-Urbana Courier 16—Jean Marques; 19—Paris Match 20, 21—Vadim Biryukov, 22-25—U.P.I., 26, 27—George Leavens from Rapho Guillumette, 28-32—Georges Baltrdgs-Soons, 34, 44—Los Vegas News Bureau 49, 52—Lou Will, 57—Wong & Wong 71—Leo Choplin 92—Jim Borrell Santa Monica Outlook.

YESTERDAY

THE WONDERFUL FOUR-HORSE OLDS

In 1902 an auto trip of just 40 miles was an unpredictable venture for hardy souls only

ANY expedition proposed by my Uncle Jeff was pretty sure to be high adventure, though it didn't always turn out happily for all concerned. He had the spirit of a Magellan, but his neck was too long and he stuck it out too often.

A succession of mishaps over the years had left him undaunted and eager for any new experience, and it was only natural that when my father bought a little four-horsepower Oldsmobile Uncle Jeff should urge a trek into the hinterland. None of this sissy stuff, riding up and down on South Bend's pavements; get out and see something of the country. There was a wonderful place to camp on Lake Michigan, just above Benton Harbor, known as Double-L Gap, and the yellow perch would bite like crazy. He'd been there the year before, a two-day trip by horse and buggy for the 40 miles.

"If one horse can do it in two days, by simple arithmetic four horses should do it in half a day," Uncle Jeff pointed out. The car's single cylinder was supposed to be rated at four-and-a-half horsepower. "That extra half will give you a reserve for the hills," he added, persuasively. Father was a bit on the conservative side but, proud of his new car and anxious to prove its ability, he consented to the expedition. I was plumb ecstatic to be included.

Fifty-eight years ago (it was in the spring of 1902) a camping trip required a lot more duffel than in this

continued



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day of light and compact equipment. We took a bulky wall tent of heavy canvas, tent poles and stakes, three blankets, a roll of mosquito netting, water bucket, two barn lanterns, a bull's-eye hand lamp, a gallon can of kerosene, assorted groceries, plus a shovel, ax, coil of rope and a collection of wrenches, pliers, nuts, bolts and spare parts in a canvas bag. There was also a cigar box full of worms and three bamboo poles. And, of course, a hammock, for no camping trip was complete without one.

Father had made two neat iceboxes to hang on the arms of the dos-à-dos seat. They were insulated with sheet cork and lined with tin, and had a grille in the bottom and a drain tube. We were up at dawn loading our cargo. The fish poles were lashed to some of the bundles on the left side; in fact, everything was tied to everything else, and if one package started to come loose there probably would be an avalanche of all the others. When the last item was aboard I could just see over the things stacked beside me on the dos-à-dos seat.

At last the big moment arrived. Father flipped the switch, put his heel on the compression release, held the tiller with one hand and cranked at the side of the seat with the other. The good little engine took hold at once, and we were off amid the cheers of assembled neighbors and cries of "Don't you come back without some fish!"

"We'll bring you more'n you can eat," Uncle Jeff promised.

It was wonderful to be chugging along on that bright morning at double the speed of a fast horse and good fishing in prospect. After leaving the city pavement our cantilever springs bumped pretty hard, but we were happy as long as the engine pulse was regular. All was well until we met up with Hardscrabble Hill just beyond Buchanan, an easy enough high-gear ascent today but a tough one then on account of the sand. Here Father pulled into low and unleashed our "half-horse reserve power." The engine responded manfully for a few yards but couldn't quite make it alone. So Uncle Jeff and I hopped off and pushed the rest of the way. We'd barely reached the top when the overheated engine backfired and steam billowed from underneath with the smell of hot oil. Bad news; water tank and filler cap were under the rear deck. Off came the luggage, the iceboxes, dos-à-dos seat and deck lid. Everything was sizzling. It was not surprising that the water boiled away after that long uphill grind, because the radiator was merely a dozen or so one-inch brass tubes installed flat under the footboards. There were no fins and no fan—just the passage of air at three miles an hour. It was half a mile to the nearest horse trough, and you know who got the job.


SANDY TRAIL to Lake Michigan was tough on the Olds and its occupants.

Under way again we began looking for a place to lunch. The shade of a huge maple in front of a farmhouse tempted us, but across the road a horse tied to a post began to mill around and snort as we approached.

"Hold on a minute, Albert," Uncle Jeff cautioned, "let me get there first; I can handle her." And, in fact, the animal did calm down as he stroked her neck. He motioned for Father to

come ahead, when suddenly the horse reared back. She uprooted the post with Uncle Jeff still hanging on and high-tailed it down the road. They clanked together a couple of times until, luckily, the strap broke and man and post rolled in the dust.

Just as Uncle Jeff got to his feet a husky young farmer charged out of the house with what appeared to be a carving knife. Uncle Jeff limped to the car as fast as he could and muttered, "Better skin outa here quick!"

But Father elected to stand his ground as the farmer, still chewing food, came up. Without so much as a glance at the departing mare he said, "Doggone, I've been wantin' to see one of these here machines," pointing at this and that with the carving knife that turned out to be a table knife and asking all manner of questions.

"You mean to tell me they's *four horsepower* in that buggy?" shaking his head dubiously. "Tain't safe. Supposin' it gits out of control?"

It was slow progress in the afternoon; halting for many teams, a puncture (a trick to fix in a single-tube tire) and a slipping high-gear clutch. In all that big bag of tools the one spanner needed was missing. Uncle Jeff had forgotten to return it after a pump job the day before. So Father simply threw sand on the clutch plate to make it hold.

Weary and gray, with dust from head to foot, we pulled in at camp site at suppertime and took a quick dip in the lake before setting up the tent. After a cold supper we were too tired to do any fishing. We didn't sleep much, either, for in spite of net and smudging, mosquitoes were terrific in that bosky dell.

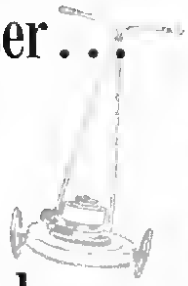
"Dagnabit," said Uncle Jeff as he slapped away, "I'm going to swing the hammock on those poles out there. Don't reckon the pesky bugs get out that far."

The poles referred to had been set out by commercial fishermen in a big rectangle some 200 yards from shore. They were spaced about 15 feet apart and supported nets that formed a trap for whitefish and lake trout.

Stripped to his long underwear, which he wore all year round, Uncle Jeff paddled out in a leaky old skiff he found pulled up on the beach. He tied the hammock to two of the poles, waved happily to us and stretched

continued

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DUSTER AND GOGGLES WERE MODISH ATTIRE WHEN OUT FOR A SPIN IN THE 1901 OLDS

FOUR-HORSE OLDS *continued*

out comfortably for a night's sleep.

I envied him—till next morning. At dawn we were awakened by some explosive seagoing language. We piled out of the tent and beheld arms and legs thrashing from a hammock sagging in the water, the poles leaning more and more toward each other every time Uncle made a frantic lunge for the boat's painter, which was barely out of reach.

Finally, with a last supreme effort, he managed to grab the rope, but in doing so one foot went through the hammock. It was an old-fashioned kind, made of loose cords like a coarse fish net. The old skiff was half full of water, the wind was rising and Uncle Jeff was trapped with one leg in a hammock securely tied to a pair of poles which in turn were firmly driven into the bottom of Lake Michigan. The situation began to look so serious that Father swam out with a knife, cut our amphibious relative free and paddled him ashore in the half-submerged skiff. Uncle Jeff was glumly noncommittal, and after getting into dry clothes he wandered off, muttering something about digging worms. But he might have meant he was going to eat them.

We had three blissful days of fishing; perch took the hook as soon as it hit the water, and there was no limit at that time, if I remember correctly. We were eager to get home and do a little bragging about this pioneer automobile trip. It was decided to ship all our equipment, except tools and fish, via freight from Benton Harbor. Uncle Jeff was to arrange for the shipping at the station while Father and I got some gasoline at a nearby grocery, the only place it was to be had, and filled our tank at nine cents a gallon.

Traveling light and without untoward incident, except for an occasional fractious horse, we made the return trip in a little under seven hours. As soon as they heard the chugging of our engine several fish-hungry neighbors rushed out and gave us a rousing welcome.

"Well, come on now—show us all those fine fish you promised," they shouted.

"Hold your horses—got enough for everybody," replied Uncle Jeff generously as they crowded around. "Lemme see, *now*—who's first?" as he raised the lid of the icebox. There was an indignant howl. The box contained a few half-filled jars of jams and pickles, some soiled shirts and socks. Its twin, in which the fish were packed, would arrive—iceless—about a week later. The South Bend freight agent was not going to be very happy to receive it.

—WALT SIBLEY

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

DEATH AT SEBRING

Sirs:

I must deplore the "blood and guts" aspects of your Sebring article (SI, April 4), in which you ran several pictures of accidents and material detrimental to the sport of racing as a whole.

Sebring, in its 10 years, has had only one fatal accident during a race (Bob Goldich in 1957), which is quite a record, especially so when one considers that this constitutes over 50,000 driver-hours in fierce, grueling and enthusiastic competition, much of which is conducted at night.

This year's two fatalities are the sole responsibility, as I understand, of the photographer, Thompson, who was on the dangerous, "off limits" escape road when the accident occurred. He had been asked to leave that area by an official but had declined to do so. Had he not been where he was not supposed to be, he would not have been killed when the Lotus was forced to take the escape road, nor would the driver, Hughes, have been killed when he overturned his car by swerving, unfortunately in vain, to avoid the photographer.

STEPHEN SMITH

New York City

● No one can say whether *Tampa Tribune* Photographer George Thompson contributed to the accident. The escape route at which Thompson stationed himself was almost a direct extension of the straightaway which led into the sharp switchback curve. Witnesses to the accident report that James Hughes's car was already in a wild spin when it struck Thompson, although Hughes apparently made an attempt to swerve his car at the last second. It is not possible to define at what infinitesimal point Hughes lost complete control. Let it be said, though, that Photographer George Thompson loved racing. On his last day he persuaded a colleague to take over an earlier assignment to cover a golf tournament so that he might attend the Sebring race instead. Police do not ask photographers to leave dangerous positions but rather warn them that they "have been issued a license up there at the press hut to commit suicide if they want to." Thompson was warned twice of the dangerous position he had taken.—ED.

CONSERVATION: THE ECOLOGY OF MAN

Sirs:

It has been a long time since I have read such a forceful article on conservation as Henry Romney's (*A New and Human Science*, SI, March 28, April 4).

Those of us who attend the many annual conventions of conservation groups have had drummed into our ears, by those in the fraternity and outsiders, such wrist-slappers as these: "You wildlife people only preach to the saved," and, "You biologists spend too much time discussing the ecology and management of wildlife and pay too little attention to man." I think we all recognize that this criticism has some justification. We need more disciples like Henry Romney.

I am glad to see your efforts to tell Americans not to destroy what they seek outdoors but to save some of wild or not-so-wild America. This is one point we are trying to get across, not only in our regular work but in our statements to the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, the Senate Select Committee on National Water Resources and a host of other special agencies which are worried about what is happening and will happen to our national resources.

ROSS LEFFLER
Assistant Secretary
Department of the Interior

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I am not a starry-eyed idealist who has any hopes of saving every mouse and rose, nor am I an active conservationist who assails every town hall meeting with requests for more open areas. Nevertheless, your articles proved interesting because they placed conservation not on the plane of an unimportant minority movement but on the level of a problem of national importance.

I have, perhaps, been deluded into thinking that only those who are the inhabitants of the more densely populated zones should concern themselves with the ideas of conservation. Your articles placed it on a different status.

The thing which impressed me most was not the articles themselves but the fact that the articles were in a sports magazine!

That the staff of a periodical such as yours should rouse itself from the norms set by its colleagues and face the basic issues behind the sport scene is not only commendable but worthy of especial note. Therefore brief but sincere congratulations to you and strong hopes for more.

WILLIAM F. TRAINER

Worcester, Mass.

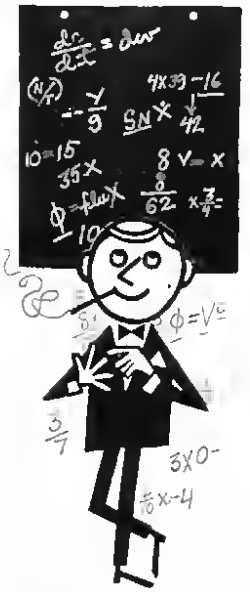
OLYMPICS: ROLL CALL

Sirs:

Your story on our efforts in the United States Olympians movement to locate and unite former Olympic athletes (PAT ON

continued

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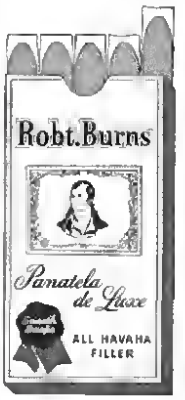
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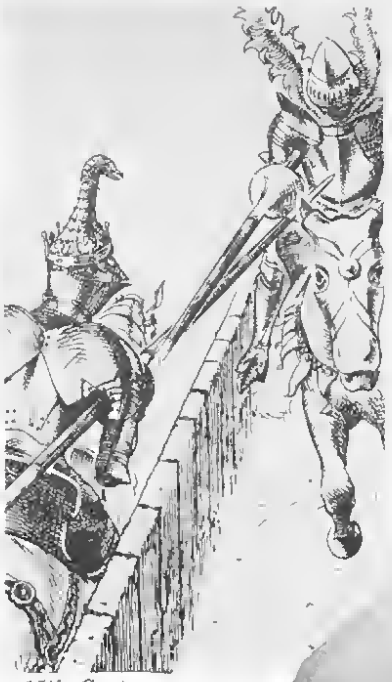
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THE BACK, SI, Feb. 29) has brought a flow of letters from many parts of the country.

One of the difficulties we face is tracing many of this country's younger Olympians who have moved in and out of military service and have taken up careers and residence in new parts of the country. Any Olympian who reads this, and who is not already enrolled, is urged to send his name, address and dates of Olympic participation to me at 1000 Penn Square Building, 1317 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

SAMUEL N. GERSON

Philadelphia

OLD JIM AND THE DEADLY ART

Sirs:

I was interested in your series on wet-fly fishing (*The Art of Fishing with the Wet Fly*, SI, March 28, April 4 & 11) since I used to be among those who fished with Jim Leisenring.

I agree with the intimation of the authors that there was no one who could coax a trout with a wet fly as Old Jim could. I have seen him bring a trout out from behind a stone half a dozen times and finally catch him. His flies were deadly and so was he.

To me, the most impressive part of his performance was not his ability to fish "fine and far off," the way most of us do or try to do, but to fish "fine and close in," even on water as large as Fisherman's Paradise at Bellefonte, Pa. I have never seen him use more than 20 feet of line and usually less than that, yet so gentle and careful were his methods that he could make a trout shine time and time again as it rose to his lure.

A second observation on Old Jim was his total meticulousness about every bit of his tackle and every ingredient of his flies. He put up with no substitute feathers, rods or methods.

R. E. FARR

Mansfield, Pa.

Sirs:

With no desire to be captious at all, may I offer one small addition to the excellent instructions on fly casting.

At the conclusion of the forward cast, better control of the line will be obtained if the line is slipped under the forefinger of the right hand as the left hand does its job of working the fly and retrieving the line.

In this manner one can avoid the frustration incident to having the left arm fully extended to the left side as the trout continues a run toward you, as they sometimes do, after the strike.

The same procedure should be used with the left forefinger when playing a large fish—*e.g.*, a steelhead—from the reel, as it should be played.

I offer this suggestion because in the 56 years I have been a fly fisherman there were times when I thought I knew it all, only to pick up some useful little trick I hadn't heard about. It hurt the pride but helped the fishing.

H. J. WRIGHT

Norfolk, Va.

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Pat on the Back



THE CONNOLLYS

'Wonderful, like heaven'

When U.S. Hammer Thrower Hal Connolly met Czech Discus Champion Olga Fikotova at the 1956 Olympics it was love at first sight. Inspired, both Hal and Olga set Olympic records. Their devotion to each other was so manifest that eventually a reluctant Czech government allowed Olga to leave the country as Mrs. Connolly.

Now settled in Santa Monica, in a little house five minutes from the beach, the Connollys lead a strenuous life. Hal teaches high school English and is training rigorously for the Olympics. Olga, who is a medical researcher and takes courses at UCLA, nurtures two high hopes: to enter medical school and to set a new mark in the women's discus throw. "We live by the clock and have every minute set aside for something," says Olga, "but living here is wonderful, like heaven."

The third Connolly, Mark, is shown here teething on the handle of his father's hammer. Taking into account his parentage and his mother's hearty cooking (roast pork, red cabbage and dumplings), Mark Fikoto Connolly would seem one of the bright early prospects for the 1980 Olympics.



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